

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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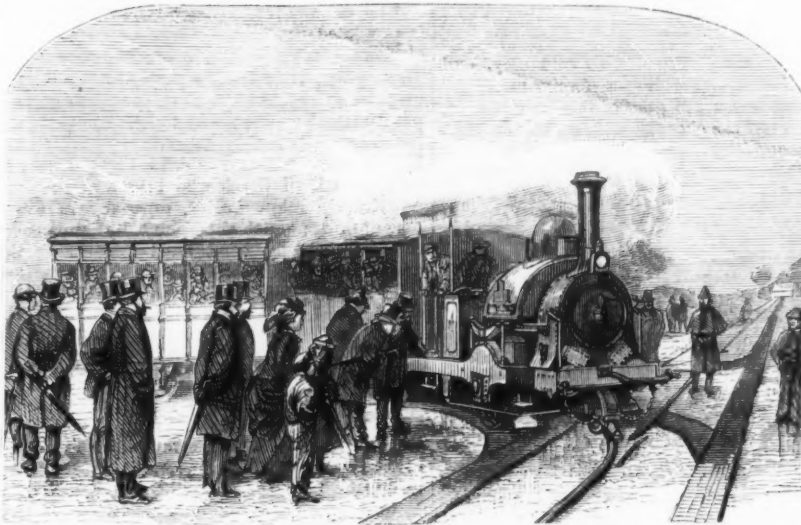
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ROYAL SIGHES AND CHEERS.

WHILE thrones are shaking, and emperors are dying, and republics are being born in aristocratic quarters of the globe, we must not forget what is due to the romance of the Sandwich Islands—details of which the late mails bring.

Kamehameha V. was mauled with all kingly honors in the tomb of his fathers in Honolulu on the 11th of last January. It seems, by postal advices, that there were present on the occasion civic and military societies, representatives of foreign Powers, officers of Government, and native chiefs. There were gorgeous fans and plumes about the hearse; Christian and Masonic ceremonies; and there was also present a wrinkled sorceress, who stood with the corpulent old King as a more trusted adviser than were any of his doctors or Ministers—the priestess who had led him by his royal nose down to the hour of his death. Hers was the charm “woven by the Sibyl,” which she suspended over the heathen monarch (we think that he went back to his old faith in his latter days) in the shape of a veto; for, she would not let him marry, nor make a will, nor say who should succeed him on the throne.

The old King was busy among pompous preparations for celebrating his birthday when his Chiefs and Ministers were suddenly summoned to his bedside, to discuss with him State questions while he was in *articulo mortis*. The priestess would not suffer him to appoint a successor, nor to execute a testament, nor do



ENGLAND.—TRIAL OF THE STEAM TEAMWAY CARRIAGE AT BUCKHURST HILL.—SEE PAGE 402.

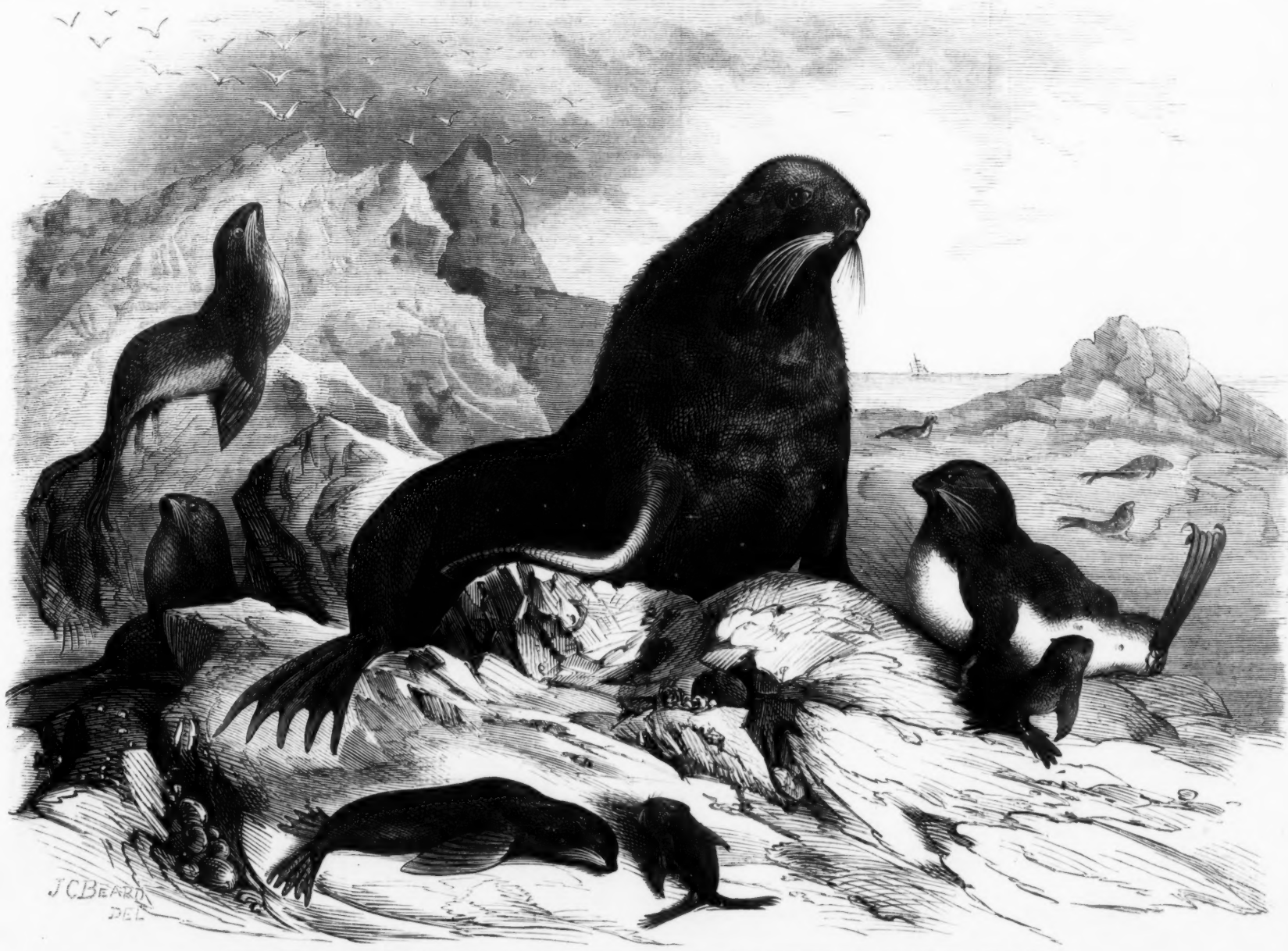
anything, in fact, which was becoming under the circumstances. And so, when he died, the natives were stunned. They surged against his palace-walls, wailing and gesticulating in a barbarous style, which can only be described as a performance not unlike an Irish wake, or that of a Greek chorus. The sacred body was

then laid in state, and suffered to remain so until it became offensive, and then it was confined in the rarest and costliest wood of the Island, and on the cover of the beautiful sarcophagus was laid a crown of silver.

The ancient rites of the Island were celebrated until the body was buried. Every

night came the celebrants within the palace-gates: old hags, half-naked men and beautiful girls, who squatted on the ground and howled to the beating of calabash drums, writhed their forms, beat the air with their hands, and danced the licentious *hula-hula*.

And now the Islands have a Constitutional Monarchy. The new King has shone in holiday attire at his inauguration, which came off in the Kawaiahao Church on the 9th of January, amid crowns of flowers, colored mats, plumes of tropical feathers and tufts of gigantic ferns, and much more of semi-barbaric magnificence, part of which consisted in the Hollow Square into which His Majesty's household troops were formed. And Her Majesty Queen Emma was there, and so were Ladies of the Court, and Allies of the Kingdom, and Foreign Representatives, and Consular Corps, and a Legislative Assembly, and Captains and Officers of Steamships, amounting in all to about three thousand spectators, titled and untitled. And there were the blare of trumpets, and the boom of artillery, and the cheers of the great crowds outside. Prayers were made; the result of the Royal Election was read, the Constitutional oath of office was administered, and the King delivered his Speech from the Throne, which he addressed to his “Nobles and Representatives,” in Hawaiian and English. And then His Majesty was cheered and escorted away by his Staff, amid a grand uproar. His Royal Highness says that he is for “peace and conservatism.”



ADULT MALE AND FEMALE ALASKA SEALS, AGED THREE, FIVE AND SEVEN YEARS.—SKETCHED BY H. W. ELLIOTT.—SEE PAGE 337.

King William Lunallo has appointed his Cabinet, viz: a Minister of Foreign Affairs, a Minister of the Interior, a Minister of Finance, and an Attorney-General, representatives of American interests. On the whole, this King is like to be a small edition of Harry V. In the rôle of Prince of Wales, Lunallo was vulgarly called "Bill," whose particular temptation was whisky, under which influence, it is said, he repeatedly "went down." Indeed, he was a notable example of vice. As Henry V., however, he has manifestly turned over a new leaf. He has dismissed all his Falstaffs, Bardolphs and Pistols, and has quitted the Bear's Head tavern. He has adopted the classic Plébisite, following the model of Louis Napoleon; and, above all, he is little more nor less, practically, than a Foreign Minister of the United States.

What a drama the late foreign advices exhibit! Elsewhere we sketch the French and Spanish actors, and now, on this minor stage, the Sandwich Islands soon, no doubt, to be ours) vary the queer, sad picture of human life—its vicissitudes, its ambitions, and its progress. We say progress, for we do believe that all this work is done by that Providence which "moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform."

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NOTICE

With our present issue we publish the second number of our *Monthly Supplement*, which will be found to contain various literary articles of great interest and merit, together with a continuation of the new serial, "A Vagabond Heroine," and a synopsis of that portion of it which has already appeared. As previously announced, our *Supplement* will be continued monthly, and be presented gratuitously to the readers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

A FRENCH "WAKE."

WE do not care particularly about the death of Napoleon III. To us he is "only a man gone" at most. On this side of the water he is already nearly forgotten, unless it be by the few personal friends whom he endeared to him in his ancient visit to America, and to such of our traveled countrymen as liked the polite consideration which the Emperor always bestowed on his foreign guests. But he is not a character which should be permitted to die out like an exhausted candle. His life is all romance; and as such, we look to see it written by some able and dashing pen. Novels, reminiscences, plays, books of anecdotes, can be manufactured—serious, sparkling, grave, gay and horrible, and all of them sensational—out of this Napoleonic mine of gew-gaws, and crime, and good-fellowship.

The last advices from Paris revive the memory of this notorious character, who came to the light of this world at one o'clock in the morning of April 20th, 1808, as the hopeful son of Her Majesty the Queen of Holland, and who was baptized some few months thereafter in a most brilliant manner in the Palace of St. Cloud. (This much is due to the record on the point of Napoleon's legitimacy.)

Killed at Sedan, as we all know—the victim of a sort of Tweed Ring who had cheated the Emperor out of his army and its rations—deceased and mourned over in England, at last accounts Louis was formally bewailed in the Court Church of Paris by such prominent people as the ex-Queen of Spain and Marshal MacMahon. The Bonapartists decided to wear mourning for ninety days; Paris was importing to London, on this sad account, immortelles and tri-colored rosettes and violets; the photographers were sending out his photographs by thousands; the hawkers were dashing in all faces hand-bill recitals of the last days, of the illness, of the post-mortem, of his imperial majesty; book-peddlers had excavated from their rubbish-closets the works and books connected with his life; some provincial newspapers had gone into mourning; and one

editor had cried out, in precise French style: "The bandit of Sedan is dead!" whereupon the irate scribe invoked all Napoleon's martyrs to rise up, and shriek in his dead ears words of terror that should plague his guilty shade. Some called him by the nickname of "Badlinguet," and grinned out: "Badlinguet is gone!"

The Orléans Princes were fairly dancing over Napoleon's grave. They went conspicuously to the theatres every night in the most gairish attire, the ladies in bright rose-colored dresses and brighter diamonds; and the gentlemen waited on them robed in the extremest style of fashion.

Marshal Lebeuf was being hauled over the coals by the Imperialists. They pointed tauntingly at him and said: "You are responsible for the calamities of the Prussian War, for you told the Emperor that France was ready, even to gaiter-buttons." But did not Lebeuf make all the reparation possible for his blunders about allies, and for exposing the concentrated stores and arms of France in Strasbourg and Metz, and other frontier strongholds, which fell promptly into the Germans' hands? Lebeuf went to Chiselhurst, and sobbed bitterly—as Boss Tweed did over the dead James Fisk, Jr.—over his master's cold clay, and cried, audibly, "Forgive me—forgive me, Sire." So strong was the grief of this honest man, that he left the chamber of death sobbing and staggering like a weak woman.

Meanwhile, almost on the very day when this strange, but at all points French drama was going on, Communists were being shot, in the early dawn, like dogs, on Satory Plain. They had been convicted of arson. And they died dramatically, shouting: "Vive la Commune!" "Vive la République!" "Vive la France!"

And then comes the pious portion of the main play. History is corrected by the publication of the certificate of the birth of the dead Emperor, to which His Serene Highness Monseigneur the Prince Archibishop attests, as having been present with the Queen of Holland on that interesting occasion. And "The late Emperor's Religious Opinions" are promulgated. He adheres to the doctrine of Papal Infallibility; declares himself to be a submissive son of the Roman Catholic Church, and remarks: "I bowed my head like an infant whenever the Church has spoken. 'The King of the Church is the Pope; we are only the laity.' 'May the Catholic Church pardon us like a mother.'"

To conclude this sketch of what was passing on the Napoleonic panorama at the last dates, we must introduce the abstraction of Napoleonic Imperialism. Prince Napoleon (Plon-Plon), the cousin of the dead Emperor, had been interviewed at Claridge's Hotel, and announced his protest against postponing the question of the re-establishment of the Empire until such time as the young Prince Imperial should attain his majority. But he regarded the Prince Imperial, his young cousin, as the lawful representative of the dynasty. The young Prince attains his majority in 1874. Prince Napoleon told the interviewer that he was "a willing Barkis." If France went for a Republic, then Plon-Plon was for a Republic. And, as Mr. Weller, Sr., once said on a similar dubious point, "vice versa." Nevertheless, the Prince Napoleon (we mean Plon-Plon) believes in Empire, though the French Bohemian who interviewed him tells us that M. Plon-Plon "laughed at the idea of a regency with the Empress." Hence, thinks the reporter, M. Plon-Plon expects to be Emperor himself!

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE.

COUNTING out the Electoral votes calls attention to the evils and dangers of the system, which, in common with ourselves, the journals of the nation have lately discussed. It was evident in the late proceedings that, had not the majority of the successful candidates been so large that the double sets of Electoral votes cast in Louisiana and Arkansas made no difference in the result, although omitted, the chaotic condition of affairs in those States might to-day form the starting-point for another period of civil convulsion throughout the United States.

Again: If Mr. Greeley had been elected, and died as he did, his Electors would have been free to vote as they chose. Again: The Electoral College may be bought; and thus the Presidency be sold, as seats in the United States Senate have been sold.

We think that the remedy for this mistake is at hand. In the early part of the session the Senate adopted a resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to report an Amendment to the Constitution providing for the election of President and Vice-President and Senators of the United States by a direct vote of the people. And Senator Morton—always the pilot-fish of public sentiment—proposed a Constitutional Amendment to the same effect, and in the course of his argument on the subject pointed out capital defects in the present system—such as the lack of any provision for contesting

fraudulent Electoral votes, or for adjudicating such conflicts as occurred in the Louisiana and Arkansas cases, where separate Electoral Colleges were held.

We took the initiative in this reform as early as last November, in which we coupled the suggestion that members of the Cabinet should have seats, *ex officio*, on the floors of Congress. Why shall we not do in this respect what all civilized governments have done?

THE IDES OF MARCH.

THE Ides of March are upon us, when Colfax will cease to smile, for, out he goes. The sands of the pious Harlan's existence will then also have run out. Then Hill of Georgia and Sawyer of South Carolina, Pomerooy and many more Carpetbaggers must vacate. Oakes Ames has made doleful faces and heavy hearts in the Senate Chamber and in the House.

This sad, shameful spectacle of bribery and falsehood will soon be hidden by the fall of the curtain.

All eyes now turn to General Grant, to whom is presented the greatest opportunity to win glorious renown which, since the days of Washington, has fallen to the lot of a public man. Has he brain and heart enough to comprehend that an Inaugural which shall pledge his Administration to Peace, Toleration and Unity; to State Rights as defined by the war; to a pure Civil Service, and to a generous American Foreign Policy, especially in the case of Cuba; which shall pointedly denounce the detected and condemned Congressional criminals; which shall rebuke the Coolie traffic, and which shall cry out boldly and sternly for Reform—can General Grant comprehend how an Inaugural Address, founded on such a base, would lift him to a sublime height, high up among great patriots and statesmen? We shall soon see if the President has the moral strength to emancipate himself from the vile surroundings which have for so long crippled his influence and degraded his Administration.

Need we add that, in such event, this journal would be among the foremost to hail him as the conservator of the Union, which his sword helped to protect.

OBSTRUCTING THE MAILS.

IN our Washington record the reader will note that a Bill has been introduced into the Senate by Senator Windom for "the suppression of trade in, and the circulation of, obscene literature and articles of an immoral character," which not only forbids the sending of them through the mail, but "makes it a punishable offense to mail postal cards or envelopes on which scurrilous epithets or disloyal devices are written or printed."

Now, waiving the question of obscene literature, what are "scurrilous epithets" in the sense of this projected law? And above all, what are "disloyal devices"? We do not think that any measure like this will pass, but the mere "attempt confounds us." Calling the members of the Congressional Crédit Mobilier what they are, cartoons of public men and things, might so be deemed "scurrilous," and punishable; and opposition to a cherished Administration, displayed pictorially, or the devices of political associations stamped or printed on their letters or publications, might be considered, by the powers that be, as "disloyal devices." What insupportable tyranny and absurdity lie in this attempt to transplant here the old law of *Scandalum Magnatum*!

We admit that obscene literature should be suppressed, and we will go as far as the furthest to suppress that. But we cannot advance one inch beyond that obvious palpable point in this direction. These assumptions of power, these entering wedges, are pernicious beyond expression. (1) They are silly. No jury will uphold them. No lawyer of dignity will respect them. (2) They furnish dangerous authority for pliant tools of a government, under color of law, to make summary arrests, say in the midst of a political canvass, or the like, at the beck of corruption in office. Like *Lettres de cachet*, all legislation of this order smells of the Bastille.

These extravagances do no good, but harm, to the great and wise cause of Moral Reform. They drive men into extremes of opinion exactly opposite to those which the well-wishers to our race desire to cultivate. Nothing is clearer than the fact that the United States Government has no power over the morals or opinions of the people. How can any conceded evil publication be got at in the method proposed by Mr. Windom's Bill? The mail, perhaps, might legally refuse to receive a contraband publication; but can envelopes be torn open? And if so violated, what shall be done with the contents? We do not remember any State wherein there is not sound law enough within the sphere of State sovereignty to punish offenses against public morals or the public policy. The man in New York who publishes, the man in Georgia who circulates,

really obscene publications, can be rightfully punished in either State. But until the people, by an amendment to the Constitution, have delegated to the Federal Government this power, we say, Hands off!

SCHUYLER'S LAST SMILE.

WHAT Mr. Colfax says over his own signature in explanation of the tell-tale \$1,200 deposit we must in duty and justice print conspicuously. He says:

"Of the deposit of bills for \$200, I am positive they were paid me by my stepfather, Mr. Matthews, on account of a debt he owed me. In December, 1867, I paid \$435 for a piano, bought of Steinway & Co., through W. G. Matzerott, for his daughter, the check for which is in the bank, and I agreed to wait for the most of it until the summer, when he expected to be better able to pay me.

"After my nomination in May, 1868, I had numberless appeals for contributions for political expenses in various localities, for processions, bands, charity, religious aid, etc., and I had promised to contribute as promptly and largely as possible to the legitimate expenses of the canvass in my sharply contested State of Indiana.

"I, therefore, asked Mr. Matthews to pay me his indebtedness as soon as he could raise it, to assist me in meeting those demands incident to my new position. During the month of June, 1868, and as nearly as I can fix the time, about the middle of the month, he paid me \$200 in bills on account, and early the next month he paid me another installment, completing the payment before Congress adjourned, late in July.

"I am very confident that this \$200 formed part of this \$1,200 deposit, being part of my cash receipts between the deposits of June 1st and 1st 2d. About the time of this payment, and as near as I can fix the date, about the middle of the month of June, and very soon after the payment of Mr. Matthews, I was opening my letter mail at the breakfast-table, in accordance with my usual custom, and found an envelope within another envelope, postmarked New York.

"On opening the inner envelope I found it contained a letter written by George F. Nesbitt, congratulating me most cordially and warmly on my nomination for the Vice-Presidency, and saying that the writer desired to send me, confidentially, the remittance inclosed to aid me in the heavy expenses in the canvass, but wished it kept a secret, as neither his family nor any one would ever know it unless I told them.

"Inclosed in this was a greenback, or a National Bank note, for \$1,000.

This is Mr. Colfax's story. It sums up that the man who sent this one thousand dollar bill, by mail, unregistered, is dead; the letter which accompanied the gift is destroyed; that the writer of said letter never told a human being that he wrote it; and that the remaining \$200 were paid to Mr. C. by his stepfather, being cash returned as borrowed from Mr. Colfax on a piano transaction.

Who can believe such an evident sham as this? Can any reader recall a like act in his whole experience? Does this touch the fact of the check to S. C. or bearer, or in the slightest degree impair the revelations of Ames's memorandum-book?

Oakes Ames has indeed acted *Myiastrophiles* among his *Enusts*; and it is sad to think how, by tempting these people into what might look to the heedless as a legitimate thing, he converted them into a legislative machine which ran up his stock, and so bound them hand and foot, till finally we behold their pitiable plight—that of takers of bribes and perjurers.

SPAIN.

A REPUBLIC is born in Spain in the midst of storm and stress. The King had barely abdicated before the Congress voted a Republic by a ballot of 259 to 32. We shall soon see what will become of the infant.

This result surprises no reflecting person. A condition of things has long existed in Spain, whose only rational solution was the Republic. Since 1869, monarchy has been practically obsolete there. The pillars on which Spanish traditions rested were then swept away, with the exiled Queen and the emancipation of Religion in the Constituent Cortes. From this point in Spanish affairs, the national authority became lodged in the people. The memorable Revolution of September—the work of Prim, Serrano, and Topete—resulted in finding an available prince in the person of Amadeus. He was not wanted, as the result proves.

There is a flavor of romance in this sudden result. Only a week or so before its happening, an heir-apparent was born. Spanish skies were blue and calm; the Cortes was almost unanimous. Don Hidalgo offered a mere pretext for the act, and—presto, change!—the King suddenly abdicates. Unhappy gentleman! Only two years ago he pressed the throne. His first footsteps in Spain were almost in the death-chamber of Prim, the Warwick to whom he was indebted for his crown. He made the best fight for royalty that he could. He courted the Madrilenos; he went without escort among them; he lavished charities; he endured the nickname of "King Maccaroni"; he suffered the hisses of the old Moorish families; he saw himself lampooned on the stage; his capital was invariably carried by the Republicans by overwhelming majorities; frequent dastardly attempts were made to assassinate him; he was tortured by such of his advisers as Sagasta and Zorilla; he was embroiled with the Carlists and the Cubans, in which muddle, to quell Cuba, he was left at the mercy of the Carlist cutthroats.

If Amadeus has gone back to Italy, he will

hardly return to Spain. As to the Republic, we must express great doubts, for Spanish *Provinciamientos* are not very reliable.

The cable tells us that France greets the Spanish Republic, which M. Thiers promises to recognize as soon as he has official notification of its establishment. A resolution of recognition has been introduced into our Congress, but is reserved for consideration. The Massachusetts Legislature have telegraphed their welcome to the Spanish birth. And the Portuguese Government have been warned that "agents are at work" there "to start a Republican movement." Portugal may follow Spain. So we go.

Amadeus has been welcomed home in Italy by the municipality of Turin, who have telegraphed their greetings to him.

POLICE COURTS.

OF the internal workings of the Police Courts, the *New York World* has an interesting report, in which main facts are brought to the surface, thus accounting for much of the evil under which we groan—as, for example, the disposition to send miscreants belonging to their own district to other Judges, out of dread of the political power wielded by these offenders. As, for example, a Judge will say: "Don't bring him here; he belongs in my District." It is easy to see, in this light, the peril which follows the selection of Police Justices by the ballot; for, really, they are responsible to the worst class of men as their constituency.

There is a Bill before the Legislature to appoint the Police Justices; the appointment to be made by the Mayor and confirmed by the Judges of the Superior Court. But this law does not relate to all the District Court Justices. The Constitutional Amendment of 1870 permits Police Justices to be appointed, but still requires District Court Justices to be elected.

The object of the new Bill is to make all these Justices appointed officers, and the termination of the term of the present incumbents is a mere incident. If any of them are competent for the work they can be reappointed by the Mayor should the new law pass.

This law requires greater publicity of proceedings in Court than the old one. The keeping of complete records of the causes for which each person is brought before the Justices, what the Justice does with the complaint, and what is done with the prisoner. The Courts are required to be all opened at the same time; to conduct their proceedings on the same method and under fixed rules, which are to be made public. No examinations are to be delayed, and no prisoner sent from one Justice to another, except for causes to be stated in the records of the Court. This will prevent great abuses.

By the new law the Board of Police Justices are to make an annual report to the Governor, in which they are to set forth the statistics of all the business of the Police Justices during the preceding year; the number of prisoners and their alleged crimes; the number dismissed; the number fined; the number held, and the number sent to Special Sessions. If this plan is followed, people can know exactly how these Courts are conducted. At present it is impossible to know what becomes of a large part of the 70,000 cases that are brought up each year.

A DILEMMA.

THE English, as everybody knows, are subject to periodical fits of fault-finding, even with what is really essentially cherished. For the past season the question of allowing their clergy to omit, in their discretion, the Athanasian Creed, has literally been one of the excitements of the United Kingdom.

Latterly, a new cause of vexation and dispute has arisen which has been carried to an extent which threatens to set everybody by the ears. We all recall the fact of the terrible severity in England of the drought of 1870, when the hay crop was almost an entire failure, and the general products so far below what was usual, that cattle perished the ensuing winter for want of food. During this period, the usual "prayers for rain" were put up by the clergy with entire unanimity. The season of 1871 was also very dry. The springs were not filled, town sewerage poisoned the low water, and the fens became unusually unwholesome. So the prayers for rain continued. The present year the desired rainfall came. The windows of heaven were opened. The fall of water was persistent, and amounted nearly to an inundation. There came to be almost a panic. The Primate was besieged again; he yielded to the popular demand, and forthwith over England ascended prayers for fair weather. But just here a new feature was presented. Science stepped in to rebuke the Primate. Science, represented by chemists, engineers, sanitary inspectors, water companies, educated agriculturists and meteorological experts, boldly declared that too much rain had not fallen, and that to demur to it now was rank ingratitude to Providence, who was replenishing the springs

and repairing the general effects of a protracted drought. In fact, it was declared that the rains had only brought up the average. Witnesses next rushed in from the other side with their testimony, and the whole subject is now producing an excitement among the English which, with us, is not easily comprehended. For, one might actually assert that Providence was on trial by the nation.

The moral of all this is self-evident. Whatever may be the various opinions about prayer (and volumes have been written on the subject), the senseless, not to say impious, petitions which are habitually publicly employed on topics purely material, are selfish emanations which degrade humanity. Earnest prayer, as a purifier of the soul, has its high spiritual office. But to employ it according to everyday custom is a scandal and a reproach to the Almighty.

LETTERS FROM JUNIUS.

NEW SERIES—No. XIV.

HINTS FOR THE PRESIDENT'S INAUGURAL.

GENERAL GRANT'S second term is almost upon us. We can only conjecture and hope concerning the policy which he will announce and maintain. The odious impolicy of the last four years has borne its baleful crop of corruption. Does the President recoil from the harvest of weeds and scorpions which he has reaped? Will he cast the vile growth from him? Will he plant now such good seeds as shall mature into a healthy and beneficent fruitage? He can do what he pleases. What will he please to do?

Shall we continue against the South the Policy of Hate? Let General Grant at this time pause and review events which have occurred since 1865, at which date he, General Grant, who had been on a tour through the late insurrectionary States to "learn, as far as possible, the feelings and intentions of the citizens of those States toward the General Government," reported: "I am satisfied that the mass of thinking men in the South accept the situation in good faith."

Since that period reorganizations of the State Governments of the South have been effected. Constitutions have been adopted, war debts repudiated, slavery abolished. Legislatures elected which ratified the Emancipation Amendment. Then that people underwent the punitive and precautionary legislation recommended by Thaddeus Stevens. Then, in 1867, the South was totally disfranchised; and, dating from March 1st said year, we find those States resolved into military districts, under martial law which could inflict the punishment of death—which powers were enlarged, to the utter destruction of civil law, by that Act of Congress which declared that "no military commandant nor his subordinate shall be bound by any opinion of any civil officer in the United States." Then came the elections under the Congressional plan, until—a period of probation of over three years—we reached 1870, when it was supposed that the Southern States would be remitted to the operation of the civil governments prepared by Congress for them.

But the Ku Klux Act was passed in 1871, which authorized the President to supersede these governments, in his discretion, by military rule.

I am not exclaiming against these Acts of Reconstruction when I point, as I do, to their fruits. We see the aggregate debt and liabilities of the new Reconstructed States increased from \$78,000,000 to \$286,000,000 in the short space of three years! We see the description of Carpetbaggers cast up by this diseased condition, who have defiled high places! We behold the South paralyzed in her industries, disintegrating and withering under negro rule. Shall we pause now in our policy of Hate?

Shall we give away any more of the Public Domain? Consult Mr. Henry George's pamphlet on our Land Policy. Over 200,000,000 acres have been granted during the past ten years to railroads alone, while bills are now pending in Congress which call for more than there is left. If we continue at the rate we are going on in recklessness, Mr. George demonstrates (on the basis of the normal increase of our population) that at the end of the century we shall have less than five acres to the head of desirable unsold public land. Corporations and speculators will have the gigantic monopoly through which to grind the labor of cultivators. How they use this power is seen in the case of the three Pacific Roads, which roads, and the land as well, these speculators will ultimately own absolutely. Already the Directors of the Northern Pacific Railway estimate their grant of 58,000,000 acres to be worth \$580,000,000, or ten dollars per acre.

Worthy of the Inauguration Day is the thought that a pet policy of the President has been to annex little Santo Domingo, a half-barbarous island, because of its agricultural and commercial capabilities, while, at the same period of time, our Government is reducing our own luxuriant sister State of Louisiana to barbarism!

A glance at the map discloses, at the mouth of our own Mississippi, and under our own Government, a territory of more than 46,000 square miles, with a metropolis of more than 191,000 inhabitants; the great sugar plantation of the Union; the key of the inland sea of America; a land of tropical fruits, which carries on a commerce with all civilized peoples, and affords a market for the breadstuffs, etc., of the four important Western States, and for the cotton, hemp, sugar and tobacco of the territory of the Gulf, and of Kentucky.

The New Orleans of "Old Hickory," who won immortal renown when he defeated Pakenham, ought to be the New Orleans of General Grant.

He should relieve her from the worse than British coalition of adventurers and plunderers who are rifling all her treasure, and degrading her to a condition of political demoralization. As contrasted with Santo Domingo, Louisiana is as weak in freedom, intelligence, power, compared with feebleness, slavery, ignorance. Nor will the quality of the soil nor the extent of territory of Santo Domingo bear the slightest comparison with that of Louisiana.

It will be well for our President to consider the state of our shipping. The figures show that we are absolutely losing our carrying trade, by merging it in the ships of other nations. Mr. Shellabarger asserts that of the \$100,000,000 which we pay annually for freight and American passengers, the sum of \$71,500,000 goes to the ships of foreign nations.

JUNIUS.

EDITORIAL MENTION.

WASHINGTON.—The Historical and Philological Society of Ohio calls the attention of Congress to the fact that M. Margery, the chief of the archives of the Ministry of Marine of France, desires to dispose of his valuable collection of manuscripts relating to the early French travels and settlements in America, and asks Congress to purchase them.—Senator Windom has introduced a Bill for the suppression of trade in and the circulation of obscene literature and articles of an immoral character, and which not only forbids the sending of them through the mails, but makes it a punishable offense to mail postal cards or envelopes upon which "scurrilous epithets" or "disloyal devices" are written or printed.—The Bill to amend the postal code adopted by the House, reduces the letter postage after the 31st of next January to two cents, and the postage on daily newspapers from \$1.20 to 61 cents.—A resolution will be proposed to reduce the pay of Members of Congress to \$3,000 per year.—The House Ways and Means Committee report a Bill for refunding to persons in the South whose property was sold for taxes the amount received from such sales over and above the sum due for taxes.—The Secretary of the Interior, in reply to a resolution of the House of Representatives, says the existing difficulties with the Modoc Indians in Oregon arise from the armed resistance of certain members of the tribe (under the leadership of Captain Jack) to an effort on the part of the Government to locate them on the reservation assigned for their use by the treaty concluded with them on the 14th of October, 1864. The Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon reports the present attitude of defiance which those Indians now maintain toward the Government to be in a great measure due to the advice and influence of evil-disposed persons living at or near Yreka, Cal.—As fixed by law, the Senate and House of Representatives held a joint session on February 12th for the purpose of counting the electoral vote for President and Vice-President of the United States. The session was a very long one, and resulted in the Senate having to return to their hall three times to vote on the objections raised on receiving the votes of certain States while in joint conference, the final result of which was that the votes of the States of Georgia, Arkansas, and Louisiana were thrown out, and that U. S. Grant and Henry Wilson were elected President and Vice-President to serve for four years from March 4th, 1873.

At last the Louisiana politicians have been allowed to go home, and the investigation is closed. The Arkansas case lapsed by the decision of Congress on the electoral vote, and the witnesses who had been summoned have been notified not to come. The Committee's report on Louisiana is not expected for some days yet.—The Pomeroy investigation began on the 17th of February. Caleb Cushing is retained for Mr. Pomeroy.—The President has sent a message to Congress about Utah. He proposes to take the selection of jurors to try cases in the Federal Courts of Utah out of the hands of the local authorities, and to place it in the hands of the law-officers of the United States; also to stop the Territorial Courts from discharging, by *habeas corpus*, persons held under process from the Federal Courts. The exceptional character of the Utah population, he thinks, requires exceptional legislation, and he adds that the Territory now menaces the public peace in the conflict going on between Federal and local authority.—The Geneva Award Bill was passed in the House on the 15th, the Insurance Companies suffering an overwhelming defeat in their effort to obtain admission for their claims for insurance on captured vessels. It is said the Mobler Committee will report to expect James Brooks and Oakes Ames. We do not believe it.

FOREIGN.—The *Kansas*, with the surveying expedition, arrived safe at Nicaragua, and work was commenced on the 30th of December to verify last year's surveys. The weather is favorable. The railroad continues to progress favorably. The first locomotive arrived at San José on the 29th of December, exciting much enthusiasm among the people. Telegraph stations are being extended throughout the Republic.—King Amadeus abdicated the Spanish throne on the 11th of February, and on the evening of the 11th the Republic was declared. Great excitement prevailed in Madrid and Berlin. The Cortes adopted the Republic by a vote of 259 in the affirmative and 32 in the negative. The Government elected by the Cortes is headed by Castelar and Figueras, but there are two or three of its members who are comparatively new men, and whose names are unfamiliar on this side of the Atlantic. Emilio Castelar, the distinguished orator, accepts the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. He was born in 1832 and began his political career as a journalist. In 1854, though but twenty-two years of age, he was editor-in-chief of the *Tribuna*, the democratic organ in Madrid. He took part in the insurrection of 1866, and fought at the barricades. For this offense he was condemned to death, but succeeded in making his escape into France. He returned, however, after the revolution of 1868, which resulted in the overthrow of the Bourbon monarchy, and since then has been one of the most conspicuous public men in Spain. He is the most esteemed of Spanish statesmen. Estanislao Figueras, President of the Council, stands next to Castelar in the confidence of the Spanish Republicans. He has taken a very prominent part in affairs since the revolution of 1868, and is a forcible and eloquent public speaker. February 11th advices show that the Government is operating against the Carlists in the North with twenty-four battalions of infantry of the regular army and a proportionate amount of cavalry and artillery, and 6,000 or 7,000 volunteers and gendarmes. The Carlists are active in the neighborhood of Segovia and Estella. The city of Saragossa is

virtually blockaded, the insurgents being masters of the surrounding country. Balaguer, a fortified town, is also threatened by a force under Tristany, and 900 insurgents are before Juncosa. Fresh bands have appeared in Aragon. The Carlist leaders are beginning to act in concert, and are rapidly perfecting their organization.—Lisbon, February 11th.—An insurrection of the natives had broken out against the Portuguese authorities in Loanda, on the southwest coast of Africa. Corvettes with troops had been dispatched to the colony.—BERLIN, February 11th.—The Prussian Court went into mourning three weeks for the late Dowager Empress of Austria.—On February 12th, Miss Rothschild was married with religious ceremonies, notwithstanding the opposition of the ritualists, to the Hon. Eliot Constantine Yorke, son of the Earl of Hardwicke, and equerry to the Duke of Edinburgh.—Dates of February 13th state that a Ministerial crisis was then impending in Rome.—The second fifty-million installment of the fourth milliard of the war indemnity was completed, in Paris, on the 8th of February.

NEW ORLEANS, La., February 12th.—Last evening, at the Lyceum Hall meeting of members of both Legislatures, a proposition was made by the Fusionists that a Legislature composed of members of both boards be organized. The Kellogg members took the proposition under consideration.

THE directors of the Erie Railroad show a surplus of \$1,727,953 for the year ending December 31st, 1872, on which the directors declared a dividend of 3½ per cent. on the preferred stock, payable from the earnings of the last six months of 1872, and a dividend of 1½ per cent. on the common stock, payable from the earnings of 1872. These facts are the best praise of the present Erie management.

BOOK NOTICES.

"LIFE IN SANTO DOMINGO BY A SETTLER," with an introduction explanatory by Richard B. Kimball. G. W. Carleton & Co.

This entertaining volume is the daily record of a young New Yorker, who, having had some experience in farming in this State, determined to seek a home in some healthy and acceptable region of tropical America, as affording to the farmer of limited means advantages superior to those sections where the earth is unproductive for a large part of the year. He starts out alone, with scarcely any capital but a few farming implements; within forty-eight hours after his arrival at Santo Domingo he purchases a farm of forty acres for one hundred and fifty dollars, payable in one year, and displays such energy in clearing, planting and cultivating, that long before the time stipulated for the payment of the purchase-money he pays the former owner in full from the produce of the land, and has a small surplus left. He not only derives from his little farm enough for his own support, but by carrying on a small but profitable trade in fruits and vegetables with the neighboring city he accumulates enough within a twelvemonth to enable him to build a small cottage. It is not too high praise to say that this simple narrative of individual enterprise and struggle is of itself intensely interesting, while the occasional descriptions of Nature in her luxurious tropical garb, dispensing a perpetual succession of fruits and flowers, are particularly fascinating at this period of the year. The recent purchase of the Samana Bay tract by an American company gives additional value and interest to this work. It is prefaced by an introduction from the pen of the editor, Mr. Kimball, written in his usual earnest and agreeable manner.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

EDWIN FORREST was among the spectators of the reception of Lafayette.

HANS VON BULOW is at Brussels, where he is to appear at the popular concerts conducted by Vieuxtemps.

At Königsburg a new drama by Julius Mahfeld, entitled "The Reformation," has met with great success.

WHEN Mr. Boucicault returns to Booth's Theatre in March he will produce his new play, "Daddy O'Dowd."

VERDI has authorized the performance of "Aida" in Vienna, on the express condition that he mounts the work in person.

HERR WAGNER expects to raise enough money by leading concerts at Berlin to complete the building of his opera-house at Bayreuth.

Dr. WESLEY, the eminent Church musician, and organist of Gloucester (England) Cathedral, has been placed on the Civil List for an annual pension of £100.

MISS CHARLOTTE THOMPSON is spending a few days with her mother, on the Hudson, previous to entering upon her new engagement at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati.

LUCCA, and the company of which she is the leading star, have returned to us again, under the sole management of Mr. Max Martzok. She gives us a farewell season of twelve nights at the Academy of Music, after which it is rumored she will visit Havana.

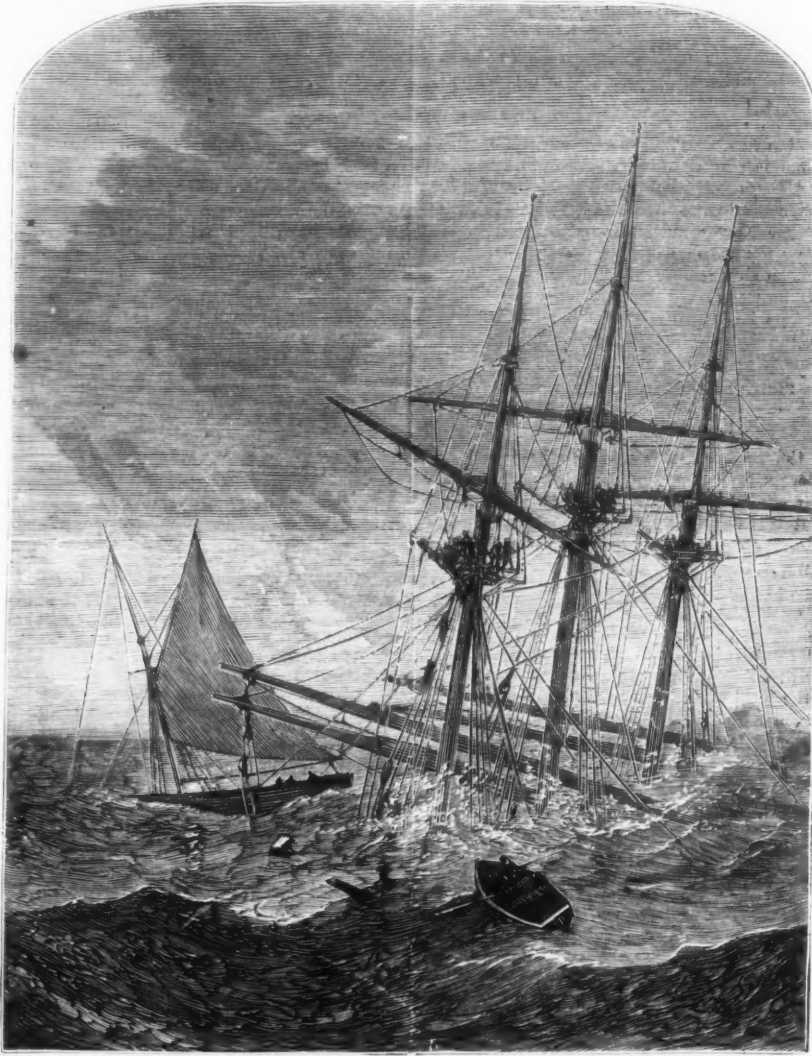
WHATEVER respect we may have for the ability and integrity of the Dramatic Critic of the *New York World*, he should not go behind the scene to pointedly denounce letters addressed to artists, and call them "stuff." Here he is too hasty. As, for example, why put his foot down on the encouragement, in this way, which a leading actress received, and chose to show, in the form of correspondence, to a reporter in Boston—especially when it is remembered that the actress is an Englishwoman, and a stranger here? That is the most cruel and irrelevant criticism which we have ever known our contemporary to make. Still, though the actress named is, the comments in the *World* of February 26th are objectionable.

MR. LESTER WALLACK has played a brilliant engagement in Providence, at New York prices. Mr. Lytton Sothorn (Mr. Sothorn's eldest son) and Miss Edith Challis were specially engaged to support him. The local critics are enthusiastic about the lady. As *Cynisca*, in "Pygmalion and Galatea," when produced at Wallack's, she was utterly out of her element—which is "high comedy;" and in this school of acting, for certain parts, where undeniable beauty of form and face is combined with considerably more than average talent, she should certainly become a fixture at one of our leading theatres. She has the requisites for much—very much more than she has yet accomplished. Mr. Wallack is simply one of the best light comedians on the stage, and criticism can scarcely enhance his position. Lytton Sothorn has the rare advantage of a remarkably handsome face, and, under the tuition of such an artist as Mr. Wallack, it may reasonably be expected, from the promise he already gives, that he will speedily belong to one of our New York comedy theatres.

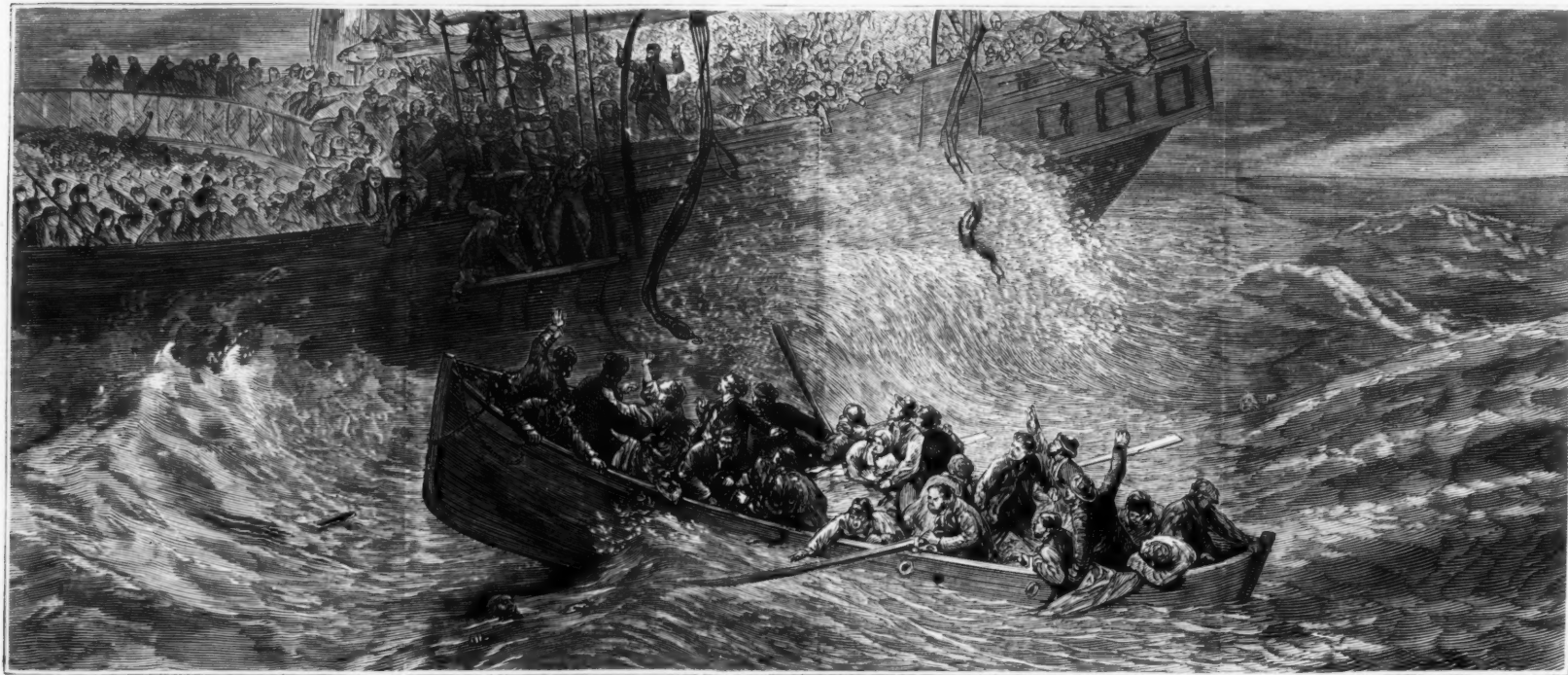
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 399.



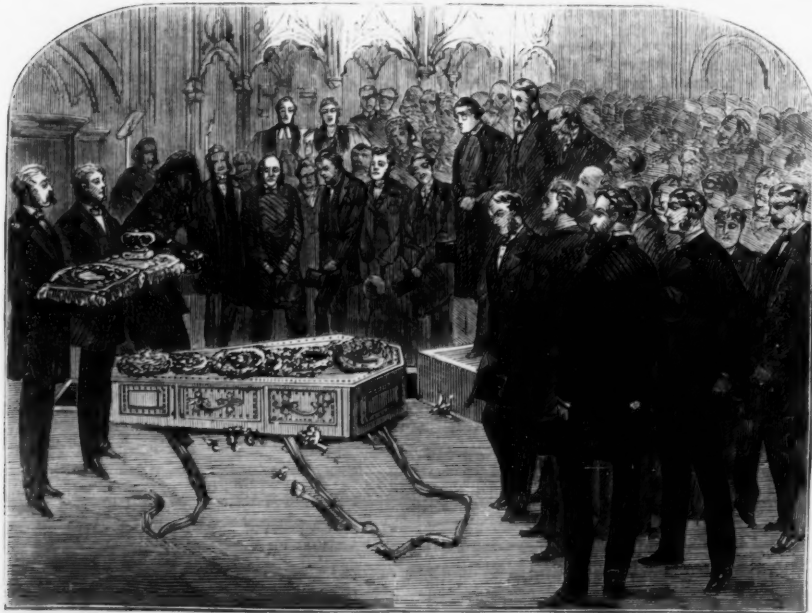
ENGLAND.—THE COLLIERIES' STRIKE IN SOUTH WALES—TIP-GIRLS.



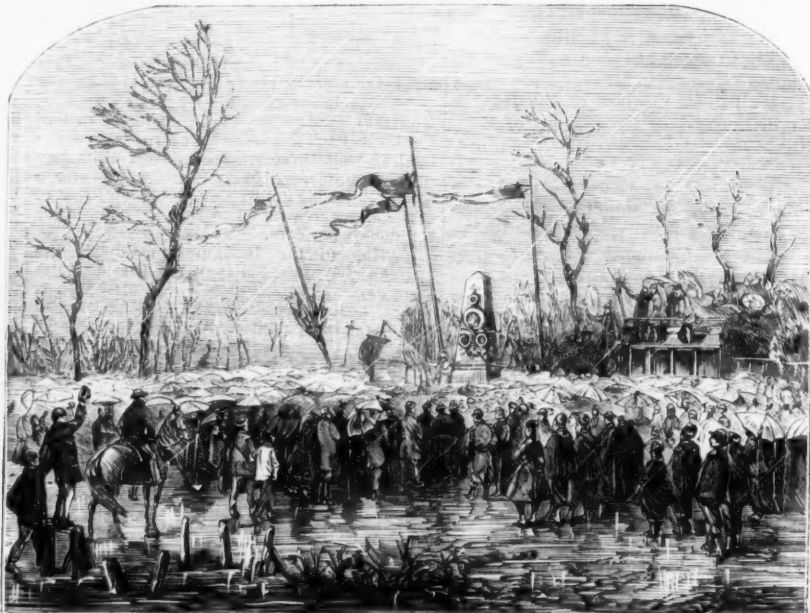
ENGLAND.—THE DISASTER IN THE CHANNEL—CUTTER'S BOAT TAKING SURVIVORS FROM THE RIGGING OF THE "NORTHFLEET."



ENGLAND.—LOSS OF THE "NORTHFLEET"—THE CAPTAIN'S FAREWELL.



ENGLAND.—FUNERAL OF THE LATE LORD LYTON IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



FRANCE.—BENEDICTION OF THE MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF THE GARDE NATIONALE AT BUZENAY.



VENEZUELA.—CALLA DEL COMMERCIO, THE PRINCIPAL STREET IN CURACOA.

OUR NEW MINISTER TO RUSSIA.

JAMES LAWRENCE ORR, the new United States Minister to the Court of St. Petersburg, was born in Craytonville, S. C., on the 12th of May, 1822. In 1840 he entered the University of Virginia, and, upon graduating, two years later, began the study of law. He was admitted to the Bar in 1843, commencing his practice in Anderson. In 1844 he was elected to the State Legislature from the Pendleton district, and returned at the ensuing election. In 1848 he was elected to Congress, and until 1859 regularly re-elected from his district. Being a member of the State Convention which met in Charleston in May, 1851, when a proposition was made to withdraw South Carolina from the Union, he opposed secession on the ground of its inexpediency. He was Speaker of the House of Representatives during the Thirty-fifth Congress. In the South Carolina Convention which assembled in December, 1860, he favored the immediate secession of his State, and subsequently was one of three Commissioners who went to Washington to treat with the General Government for the surrender of the United States forts in the harbor of Charleston.

At the virtual commencement of the war he was elected Colonel of the First Regiment of South Carolina State Rifles, but was soon after sent to the Confederate Senate, by the Legislature, where he served throughout the war.

In June, 1864, he introduced a resolution in the Senate, during a secret session, to appoint a commission, to meet a similar one to be appointed by the Federal Government, to negotiate a peace between the two sections. The resolution, after being debated ten days, failed a passage. In October, 1865, he was elected, and in November inaugurated, Governor of South Carolina, retaining the position until July 4th, 1868. Under his Administration the State was thoroughly reorganized, and there was a cordial co-operation between the civil government and the military commanders in that Department, Generals Sickles and Canby.

In July, 1868, the new State Government, elected under the Reconstruction Acts of Congress, went into power. The public debt was not increased a dollar during Governor Orr's Administration. In September, 1868, he was elected Judge of the Eighth Judicial Circuit of South Carolina, re-elected in December, 1871, and resigned the office December 18th, 1872, having been appointed Minister to Russia by President Grant, and unanimously confirmed



HON. J. L. ORR, U. S. MINISTER TO RUSSIA. — FROM A PHOTO. BY E. W. BOGARDUS, 363 BROADWAY.

by the Senate on the 11th of December last. He is also a member of the Board of the Centennial Commission, accredited to South Carolina.

CALLA DEL COMMERCIO,
CURACOA.

THE illustration of the above caption shows a street in the Island of Curacao, forty-six miles north of the coast of Venezuela. As may be seen, its surface is quite hilly; the shores are rugged, and the general character of the soil is sterility. The climate is exceedingly dry and hot, and the place is visited by "Yellow Jack" every six or seven years. Most of the necessaries of life are imported. The principal reputation of this place is obtained for it through its celebrated liquor, distilled from the lime. Its principal harbor is that of Santa Anna, on the southwest coast. It was settled by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century, taken by the Dutch in the seventeenth century, captured by the British in 1798, restored to Holland at the Peace of Amiens, again seized by England in 1806, and finally given up to the Dutch in 1814.

SEALS WARMING UP.

IN November last we published an interesting sketch of the Seal Rookery at St. Paul's Island, Alaska, from the pencil of Henry W. Elliott, of the Smithsonian Institute. As a companion picture we now present a characteristic group of seals, taken from a closer point, by the same artist. At all seasons, except that of breeding, seals are extremely playful. They seem to experience the highest gratification in lounging upon rocks and ice-floes, while the sun is warm, with their youngsters crawling over their sleek bodies. Though naturally full of confidence in man, they have a certain fear of each other; and this causes them to act in a ludicrous fashion, even while enjoying their siesta. Their eyes are constantly rolling in anticipation of meeting an enemy. The slightest unusual noise puts them on the defense; and should one behave too rudely toward another, a fierce fight, in which the teeth are used remorselessly, ensues. They are wonderfully swift in moving about in water, but the moment they touch land or rock, their locomotion becomes slow, awkward, and after the manner of caterpillars.

The anterior limbs are brought into use

when climbing rocks, the body moving forward by a series of jerking leaps. In every well-regulated family there are several mothers, the males being strong practitioners of polygamy. Thus, when the sun is at its height, a traveler will very frequently come upon several domestic scenes like that shown in our engraving:

SONG AND SINGER.

"I MUST know the man," I said,
"Who wrote that love-song divine,
Which for ever runs in my head,
And warms me like rich choice wine;
That song of how Venice lay dim
Below the large moonlight, and how
They leaned o'er the gondola's rim,
While murmuring vow for vow."

So I mounted a worn old stair,
And found a dark door, and knocked.
Right soon, on the threshold there,
Stood a little man, bristly-looking.
Then I asked, with a wondering smile,
For my poet: "Was he within?"—
And silently thought, all the while,
How that little man smelt of gin.

"That song is my own, good sir,"
He stuns me as he replies;
For a moment I cannot stir,
Just staring in blank surprise.
And I see, in that long dumb stare,
His lean mean visage again,
And I smell, on the close dull air,
That sharp, horrid odor of gin.

And then to my sense floats faint,
In ghostliest contrast, the strain
Of that song about Venice the quaint,
And moonlight, and passion, and pain—
The soulful, adorable song,
So exquisite that I have been
In love unawares all along
With this little man smelling of gin.

INNOCENT: A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.

BY
MRS. OLIPHANT,
Author of "Salem Chapel," "The Minister's Wife," "Squire Arden," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. II. III. AND IV.,
PUBLISHED IN OUR LAST TWO ISSUES.

CHAPTER I.

THE ELMS, a splendid old mansion near London, the residence of Mrs. Eastwood, a widow, and her four children—Frederick, Richard, Plantagenet, and Elinor, the youngest, family well off and popular with the folks, and well connected; yet, the year when Frederick left Oxford, Mrs. Eastwood gave up her carriage, on the pretense that she liked walking. It was a family event of which no one knew the particulars save the beautiful, brown-eyed Elinor. Frederick, although educated for the Church, had suddenly made up his mind not to enter it, informing his mother, one morning, that he was deeply in debt, and he was determined to sail at once for Australia, to recruit his fortune. The announcement, a thunder-bolt, but the carriage was put down, the debts were paid, and Frederick went into the Sealing Wax Office, and the ladies occasionally into one of Mr. Sutton's. Mrs. Eastwood, like Frederick, and cost their mother no small sum. They all knew more than Nelly, but still she was the charm of the household. On a February afternoon, when all the fine old trees on the lawn were robbed of their foliage, and the flowers were dead—Mrs. Eastwood, still with unwrinkled brow, Elinor, and Winks, a sky-terrier, alone in the drawing-room. A letter, saying that Claude Somerville is going to marry an heiress. "But that he had married poor little Mary Martin than let her now go out as a governess." But did they ever care for each other? Let us have her here on a long visit, mamma." "Frederick and she were once father good friends. Write to her, if you like, but here is an Italian post-mark—dear!—dear me! dear me! Don't write to Mary. We have some one to be looked to of our own."

CHAPTER II.

SOUND of wheels and knock at outer door. "Tell Brownlow not to admit any one save Mrs. Everard, for a death has occurred in the family. He is sending Mrs. Barclay and her brother Sir Alexis away—people I wanted to see." Mrs. Everard admitted only. "Why, mamma, it is only Mr. Vane who is dead—scarcely a relation—my step-aunt's husband." "Poor Isabella, who is dead also, was never forgiven for marrying him. Here is something about a girl, a young lady, their daughter. I have been chafed in not making inquiries about the child. I took it for granted she had died also. I am a wicked woman—I might have been of some use, and taken her away from that dreadful man." "But she seems to have liked that dreadful man, mamma." "Yes; although I had come to dislike him so much as to be almost afraid of him." "I wonder must she come here?" pondered Nelly. "The best room for her would be that little one of mine." "Why are not the windows shut and the lamp lit?" "Frederick, we have just heard news that will pain and astonish you. It is sad news; but the girl cannot come here by herself. She cannot travel alone. She is sixteen." "Do you see anything strange about me, Nelly?" "No, Fred, but you are sticking too close to the office. Can you get leave of absence for a couple of months?" "Oh, yes! I can manage it." "What's the new girl's name?" said Dick, who just arrived. "Innocent!" said Mrs. Eastwood. "Innocent," they all repeated, making their mother weep for some reason. Dinner is announced; and two days afterward, Frederick starts for the Continent to bring the orphan home.

CHAPTER III.

BRIGHT, sharp spring morning at The Elms. Nelly among the old lime trees with scissors and garden-gloves. But few early buds peeping among the roots. Dick and the sky-terrier, Winks, amusing themselves close by. Dick does not like to get up early and study. "There's Frederick who comes down at ten o'clock, and every one thinks it right," Nelly says. "Study hard, and it will soon be over." "Yes, and then go to India at the end of it." "You may get rich in India, but Frederick, never, in the Sealing Wax Office." "Miss Elinor, your mamma has been waiting breakfast this half-hour." Dick inopportunely observes at table that "it blew nice and strong last night in the Channel." Mrs. Eastwood shudders, and wonders where Frederick is now, murmuring also that she will soon have another child to provide for. Mother and daughter go up-stairs to see the little room that is being furnished for the new-comer with chintz hangings, where they encounter, standing over a seamstress, a tall, elderly woman in black, who observes with a strong Scotch accent, "You remember Isabel, Mrs. Eastwood?" "What a question! Remember my own sister?" "In you go too fast, now! I'm going to tell you."

and let you are going to put her only child in a room next your own and Miss Elinor's. I mention this, then, that you may not get with your eyes closed. The bairn of your sister is—stand and soiled father should never come into my house." "Let us go, mamma. Alice is in bad humor." "Yes, Elinor, although she means well; but even suppose your poor aunt had some strange and secret ways about her that got me into some trouble when I was young, why should I turn my back on her child?"

CHAPTER IV.

NEXT morning brings reflection. "Why mind Alice? Let us go and make what purchases are necessary to complete the furnishing of the apartment." The room in readiness, mother and daughter admire it. Both have many friends and advisers. Mrs. Everard being in high favor. There is Mr. Parnham, the lawyer, the rector of the parish, Major Ralston, of the Scotch Corps, and a passionate admirer of Nelly, but who has a dangerous rival in Ernest Molyneux, a handsome young barrister of flattering prospects and aristocratic connections. Both meet at The Elms, where they indulge in a little bitter-sweet sparring, and where they are now seated with the ladies. "Mr. Molyneux, don't you want to know about my new cousin named Innocent, who is coming from Italy, and who is sure to be so beautiful, so clever, so fine a singer, and altogether so superb a creature, that she will throw us all hopelessly into the shade? She is sixteen, and no doubt a perfect angel." "Nelly, stop romancing to Mr. Molyneux, and ring for light." "Yes, mamma; but I am in earnest. I have read 'Aurora Leigh.' I wonder will English scenery have such an effect upon this Italian beauty as it had upon Aurora? But we must keep her down, you know, and be something in our own household." Nelly, having been never further than Paris, has seen neither Alps nor Apennines, and is in love with English sunshine and shade; with moonlit lawns, starred with primroses and daisies, and with the fine, dark old woods in the distance. "Let us go up-stairs and dress, Nelly. Major Ralston wants me to spend some money on the stables. Although my own, what now is the use, as my carriage has been put down?" "This is a handsome little room," thought Nelly to herself, as she took another peep at the cozy chamber, "but it is not as beautiful as I could desire; although I have some doubts as to how I shall like its intended occupant."

CHAPTER V.—FREDERICK'S WAY.

FREDERICK EASTWOOD had leave for a fortnight from his office. He was not hardworked, as a rule. Leave was dispensed freely enough, without any very profound investigation into the urgent affairs which demanded it. The men at the Sealing Wax Office were something like their contemporaries of the Household Brigade, and were allowed much leisure to make up for the severe mental strain which their duties, so long as they lasted, imposed upon them. Therefore he had not much difficulty in getting free at this important family crisis. He left home the evening before his fortnight began, with a very pretty check in his purse which his mother had given him. Mrs. Eastwood's opinion was, that, as Frederick was sacrificing himself to family duty, Frederick ought to have a recompense.

"You can buy yourself something with the rest," she said, smiling upon him with that confidence of being liberal and trustful which, because it is contrary to so many of her superstitions, always makes a woman pleased with herself.

"There are pretty alabaster things at Pisa," said Nelly; "you may buy us all something if you like."

Frederick shut up his pocketbook, as in other days men used to button their pockets. He went out of the house hastily, resolving to do neither one thing nor the other. They closed the door upon him tranquilly, feeling that it was Frederick's way, and that they knew precisely how he would conduct himself on this expedition. But the truth is, that no soul more utterly unknown to that excellent family went out of all London that day. They knew absolutely nothing about him. The anticipations which made his eyes glow as soon as he was safe in his hansom, and could look as he liked, would have been absolutely incomprehensible to his family. Could they have seen into his mind, they would have refused to believe in the reality of what they saw. I hope it may be in my power to reveal to the reader with less difficulty what Frederick Eastwood really was.

He had a fine exterior—dainty, and delicate, and refined. To see him you would have imagined his faults to be faults of the mind; high temper, perhaps, irresolution and weakness in critical circumstances, intentions which were fundamentally good, though often mistaken, and a wrong-headed obstinacy and self-opinion when he did decide upon anything, which is quite compatible with irresolution in great matters. This is what the cursory observer would have supposed him to be; and this is what his family thought of him. He was not clever in managing his own affairs, they knew; he was undecided about matters which required firmness, and obstinate about trifles. He had no idea of the magnitudes of differing objects, but would insist upon some trifling point in an argument while he yielded the great ones. All these faults, real or supposed, were in harmony, with his looks, and with the impression he made upon most people who met him. A Charles the First sort of man—wrong-headed, melancholy, virtuous, meaning the very best but not always able to carry out his meaning, and now and then betrayed into subterfuge by very indecision. This was the manner in which he was regarded by his friends.

I am afraid this was not, however, at all, the real state of affairs. It is difficult to describe the true condition of his mind without using what the newspapers call vulgar expressions, and without venturing upon ground little known to or studied by the writer of this history. I do not know after what fashion the artisan enjoys himself when, after a long spell of respectability, his wife informs him, weeping or indignant, that he is gone off "on the spree"; and still less do I know what experiences are gone through by a young gentleman of quality when, obeying the same impulse, he also breaks loose from decorum and plunges into occasional dissipation. There are other pens in plenty which can inform the curious reader; but for

my part, though I may guess, I do not know. Frederick Eastwood, however, though he was rather a fine gentleman than otherwise, was as much subject to this influence as any undisciplined workman with good wages and rampant senses. This was the secret, the mystery, and, by consequence, the centre of his life. His training, his wishes, his pride, all the traditions of his own and his family's history, bound him to the only career which is not ruin for men in his condition—a life in accordance with the ordinary rules of virtue and respectability. He had not any of the great qualities which make society pardon an occasional aberration; nor was he rich enough to be vicious decorously, even had that been possible. Besides, he did not want to be permanently vicious, nor, indeed, to sin at all if he could help it. He felt the importance of character as highly as any man could feel it, and clung to his good repute with a tenacity all the more desperate that he alone was aware how much he now and then put it in peril. But that other impulse was as a fire within him—that impulse to burst away from all routine and self-control—to throw every restraint to the winds, and follow for a brief delirious interval only the wild suggestions of the senses, wherever they might lead him. Where they did lead him I have no intention of following. But this was the key to the strange and incomprehensible aspect which he presented to his fellows.

He never got into mischief sociably with his contemporaries. They thought him on the whole rather a Puritan; though there were inevitable echoes of something against him wandering vaguely about his club and among the men who had been with him at the University. But all that was known and seen of his life was so spotless and respectable, that the whisper of hostility was hushed. The question why a young man so blameless should be often so moody, and always so uncommunicative, had been solved in the feminine world in the most romantic manner, by the theory that he was like Charles the First. But men did not take up this notion so readily. There were various strange "ways" about him which were very mysterious to his friends; a certain secrecy, in itself carefully concealed, and watchfulness, as of a man about whom something might some day be found out. When his fever fit was coming on he would grow restless, shift, anxious, declining his ordinary engagements, shutting himself up in his own room, morose with his family, and impatient of all usual intercourse. A headache, or a cold, or some other slight ailment, was the reason easily accepted by the innocent people about him—and at the very nick of time some invitation would arrive for a week's shooting, or other agreeable occupation, which would "set him up," everybody thought. Whether he was resisting the devil at these preliminary moments, or merely concocting plans by which he might get free and secure the opportunity of self-indulgence, I cannot tell. I believe, strange as it may seem to say it, that he was doing both.

But the devil got the best of the argument, as he generally does when what are called "the passions" are excited, and the craving for enjoyment, to which some natures are so susceptible, sets in. This curious byway of the human mind is one which a great many of us have been forced to study much against our will; when all the desires of the mind seem set upon the better way, and sore repentance, religious feeling, and rational conviction of the fatal character of the indulgence, seem certainly to promise victory, but are all upset at the critical moment by that irresistible sense of the pleasure within reach, which overcomes at once all spiritual and all prudential considerations.

Frederick Eastwood reasoned with himself, condemned himself, understood the whole situation; he even prayed, with tears, against the besetting sin, about the character of which he could have no doubt. But all the time that he was banking after the delight of it lay in the background; with a corner of his mental eye, so to speak, he saw how best to attain the gratification, and with a rash snatched it. Recollections of the sweetness of it last time would flash across his mind, even at the very height of his resolution to avoid it next time. He knew all that could be said about those apples of Sodom, which are so beautiful to look at, but are as ashes in the mouth. This is one of the set things which preachers and sinners are alike ready to say together; but the fact is that a great many people like the taste of the ashes, as Frederick did. The pleasure of anticipating that mouthful had more force upon him than all the arguments which, with hot zeal, he had so often used to himself.

He had been wavering on the very edge of downfall when this mission to bring home Innocent came, as it were, in his way. He accepted it as—we cannot say a godsend, or a gift from heaven—but as an almost supernatural provision for his necessities, a kind of counter-providence, if we may use the word. So strange are the vagaries of human nature, that Frederick felt a sort of pious thankfulness steal over him when he saw before him this opportunity for a break-out which would be unsuspected by his friends. This time it would require no scheming, no fictitious invitation; which was one of the reasons why he went off with such exhilarated feelings.

He bore the Channel far better than Dick could have believed, being supported by his pleasurable anticipations, and arrived in Paris in a delightful turmoil of expectation. He was free! He could do what he liked—go where he liked! He had some money of his own in his pocket, and the letter of credit his mother had given him. Plenty of money, no restraint, and in Paris! He settled himself in a hotel not too much frequented by English, and made up his mind really to enjoy himself, and take the good of his opportunities, for a week at least.

He went into it with a plunge, just as his

less elevated contemporary would go "on the spree." But, fortunately or unfortunately, there is no concealment about the latter process. It is received as a kind of painful necessity by the poor women who suffer most by it; and the record does not put the culprit at any great moral disadvantage. It is otherwise in the higher classes. Frederick went everywhere where he ought not to go; did everything that was most unbecoming and inappropriate. He did not get intoxicated, but he drank a great deal of champagne, and kept himself in a state of reckless excitement from day to day; and he got into the very cream of bad company—the company of people who shocked all his prejudices and revolted his good taste, but yet swept him along in that wild tide of pleasure, which was what he wanted. He had got a fortnight's leave to accomplish the journey to Pisa and back, to console his little cousin, and win her confidence, and bring her kindly home. It was, however, ten days after he had left London when he woke up from his wild dream in Paris, his money all but exhausted, his frame worn out, his faculty of enjoyment at an end. That was not a pleasant waking, as may be readily supposed. He came to himself among the husks of his pleasures, and cursed them, and repented. He had done it a great many times before.

This time, however, there were unfortunate complications. He had still a long journey to make, and no time to do it in; and he had heavy expenses of travelling still to encounter, and no money to pay them. What was he to do? Cursing those husks of pleasure is one thing, and remaking them into the gold they represent is quite another. He did not dare to write to his mother, and show her that he was still in Paris. He would rather die, he thought, than compromise the position which was everything to him, or betray the secret of his life. Yet he must go on somehow, and accomplish his mission. With a racking headache and a desperate heart he began to count up his remaining coins, and calculate the time necessary for his journey. Time and money alike would just suffice to take him to Pisa.

He had but realized this fact, without drawing any conclusion from it, when some one knocked at his door. He was in a second-rate hotel, but occupied its best room—a chamber all gorgeous with mirrors and marble tables and candelabra. He hurriedly drew the curtain of the alcove which held his bed, and in a querulous tone bade his visitor enter.

To his disgust and confusion he saw, when the door opened, the only Englishman whom he had encountered—a middle-aged man, in sporting costume and with boisterous manners, who had joined Frederick's party (always against his will) on various occasions, and now came forward with horrible cordiality, holding out a red, fat hand, which seemed to the unfortunate prodigal the greasiest and dirtiest that he had ever shaken. He touched this paw reluctantly, with a repugnance in which some alarm and a sense of the necessity of giving nobody offense was mingled. He did not know who the man was. Had he been in other circumstances he would have repudiated his acquaintance haughtily; but at present he had the painful consciousness upon him that he was in everybody's power.

"Well, sir, how are you after last night?" said his visitor. "Hope you find yourself tolerably well after that *pley soupy*? It's played the very deuce with me, though I ought to be seasoned. You young ones have all the odds in your favor. Thought you'd feel yourself pulled up hard this morning, after the champagne—and the bill. Ha, ha! the bill; that's the worst fun of it all; barring that, sir, this sort of life would be too pleasant to be true. The bill keeps us in mind that we're mortal, hey?"

"I don't feel myself in any danger of forgetting that fact," said Frederick, stiffly.

He intended to answer with dignity and distance, but his mingled dislike to and fear of his visitor introduced a complaining, querulous tone into his voice. He seemed, even to himself, to be whinpering over a hard fate, instead of uttering a mere morality with the loftiness of a superior. And somehow, as he spoke, he looked at the table, where "Bradshaw" lay spread out beside the unhappy remains of his money, the few miserable gold pieces which he had left. The man gave a suppressed whistle at this sight.

"So bad as that?" he said, shrugging his shoulders. "Mr. Eastwood, I've been keeping my eye upon you. I mean well, if I'm a little rough; and if you won't ask me to sit down, I'll take it upon myself to do so, if you'd excuse me; for I haven't yet got over the effects of last night. I know your name?—yes, sir. It's a good name, and I take an interest in all that bear it. Related to Sir Geoffrey, I don't doubt, Mr. Frederick Eastwood? There's how I know, sir. Picked it up the other night, after you'd been dining; and, if you'll believe me, I've taken an interest in you ever since."

"You are very good, I am sure—though you have so much the advantage of me," said Frederick, more stiff than ever, yet afraid to show his resentment; for the fellow, as he called him in his heart, held out in his fat hand a card, bearing his respectable name in full, with the most immaculate of addresses—that of the Junior Minerva Club. Even his name address would have been less terrible. There are dozens of "Elms" about London, but only one Junior Minerva. He looked at the card with a dismay he could not conceal. He stood upright by his chair, not following the example of his visitor. He would have liked to kick him down-stairs, or to thrust him out of the window; but he dared not do it. It seemed to his feverish eyes that this man held his reputation, his character, everything that he cared for in the world, within his greasy hands.

"I'm naturally interested," his visitor went on, "for I was born and bred on the Eastwood estate, near to Sterborne, if you know it. Very glad to see you, sir, when you come in

my direction. To be sure, I have the advantage of you. My name is Batty—Charles Batty—at your service. I drive a good trade in the way of horses by times, though I call myself an auctioneer, and don't refuse no jobs as will pay. Bless you, I'd buy libraries as soon as yearlings, and get my profits out of them, though it's slower. Mr. Eastwood, sir, knowing the respectable family you come from, and all your excellent connections, and your address at your club, etc., etc., I shall not say, sir, but what I might also be of use to you."

Misery, we are told, makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows. So does that modern form of misery called impecuniosity, which has its agonies more sharp than any primitive form of privation and pain. It is one of the worst penalties of the want of money, that the subject of that fatal want feels such eagerness to anticipate help, that he is ready to look for it in the most unlikely places, and in his extremity will stretch his hand out in the dark to meet anybody's grasp. This rash eagerness of desperation belongs to the exhausted state of mind and purse in which Frederick now found himself. He was put at all calculation of probabilities, ready to seize upon any shadow of aid, however attained. Insensibly he slid into his chair, and a faint gleam of hope and light seemed to diffuse itself in the air around him. He took a rapid survey of the situation. His repugnance for the man who sat opposite him, watching his movements, was not in any degree lessened; but he reflected that anyhow he had betrayed himself to this man. Stranger and *caution* though he seemed, he held the character of the accomplished Frederick Eastwood in his hands! and every principle of self-preservation, and of that respect for the world's opinion which was his curse and his punishment, moved him to try what means he could of bringing some advantage out of this now inevitable evil. He seated himself with a sigh of impatience and wretchedness, sheathing his sword, so to speak.

"The truth is, I am in a scrape, and don't see my way out of it," he said.

"Tell me all about it, Mr. Eastwood; I'll find a way out of it," said Batty, rubbing his greasy hands.

I suppose they were greasy hands. At all events, it was this particular which dwelt on Frederick's memory and revolted his fine feelings. Until the thought made him sick, years after. In the meantime, however, he had no time to be nice.

"The fact is," he said, with hesitation, "that I was on my way to Italy on business—"

Here he paused, remembering what Batty had said of an interest in the Eastwoods. "On family business. I had something to do—of importance; and I have been—detained here."

This euphemism delighted his companion. He gave a horse-laugh, which affected Frederick's nerves. "Yes; you have been—detained here; I understand. By Jove, you are fun," said this appreciative listener.

Frederick took no notice of the vulgar outburst. Now that he had business in hand, he could be clear enough. He laid bare his necessities to this strange and novel adviser. There is no telling—as men in Frederick Eastwood's condition easily find out—in what strange regions money, and the inclination to lend it, may be found. Nothing could be less promising than this coarse Englishman, who had thrust himself into the young man's path so much against his will; and yet in this unlikely quarter salvation was to be found. We need not concern ourselves here about Mr. Batty's motives.

"I thought you looked too much a swell to be a commercial gent, sir," he explained later; "but when I picked up that card, you might have knocked me down with a feather. Eastwoods have always been the height of quality in my eyes. I have been born and bred on their lands; and as for good will to serve 'em, here's a way to prove it."

Frederick was no neophyte, to put the unbounded confidence of a boy in these fine speeches; but he knew that there are a great many kinds of money-lenders, and that there are people in the world who are to be influenced, even to the supreme length of opening their purse, by a good name and a well-known address. Besides, after all, there was no great risk attendant upon Batty's generosity. A man in a public office—a man with a character—is not likely to allow himself to be ruined for a matter of fifty pounds, especially when he has a mother full of innocent credulity to fall back upon. Thus the bargain was made, which was to Frederick, as soon as it became certain, an insignificant transaction. The moment he had signed the note and got the money, his despair of an hour ago seemed incredible to him, and all his objections to Batty recurred in double force.

"If you are ever down my way, I'll hope you'll eat a bit of mutton with me," said the hospitable usurer: "not *salmis* and *vol-au-vent*. Mr. Eastwood, for we ain't up to that; but sound English mutton, with a glass of good wine to wash it down. And I'll show you a stable that will make your mouth water."

Frederick, who had become stiff again, bowed and thanked him from a mountain-top of superiority—and it was Batty's hope to spend another evening in his society which determined him on the virtuous step of quitting Paris that night.

What was his brain busy about as he rolled out of the wicked, seductive city, where all vice takes itself with the hope of being tempted, in that cold Spring evening, between the lamps and the stars? His head was consoled with all it had passed through. The times of the "pleasures" were still in it, mingled with the disgust which is inevitable, out which floats away still more quickly than the times of the "pleasures." The thrill of his hairbreadth escape was also vibrating through him; but a man of Frederick Eastwood's habits soon gets used to the thrill of escape. He was concocting and putting in order a

reasonable way of accounting for his acquaintance with such a man as Batty, should it ever become known to his friends. All at once, while he was arranging his bargain with Batty, this had flashed upon his mind. He was not content that, having a day or two to pass in Paris, he had determined on going to a purely French hotel, to escape the mass of traveling English who fill up every corner; with the view of seeing Frenchmen as they are, he had gone to this obscure hostelry; and here, by an odd chance, he had found this rough Englishman stranded, not knowing the language—thrown, as it were, upon his charity. "A scamp, of course, and thoroughly objectionable; but what could one do?" Frederick said to himself, as he made up his story. His story seemed to himself so satisfactory, that it really accounted for the acquaintance, even to his own mind. He recalled the recollection that he had been obliged to interpret for his unpleasant com-patriot, and the fiction gradually consolidated into fact. He believed it himself long before he had reached the Marseilles steamboat, which was the next step in his hurried way.

(To be continued.)

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Colliers' Strike in South Wales—Tip Girls.

We have already made our readers familiar with the strike in South Wales, and its origin. Our illustration shows a group of Tip-Girls. The Tip-Girl's costume is a canvas frock, reaching a little below the knees, displaying well-shaped legs and feet, clothed in hob-nailed shoes or half-boots. On her head she wears a light-colored handkerchief tied closely over the hair, to protect it from the black dust. On top of the handkerchief is a hat, often ornamented with large blue beads. Her skirts are, of course, short, and all the rest of her costume is durable and consistent with her work. The Tip-Girl works in all weathers on the exposed tips, or rubbish-heaps, brought from the mine. She picks out with a hammer the bits of ore left among them. She stacks the ore thus found in oblong beds, and also empties the tram-wagons. Besides this, she works on the patches, which is that part of an iron mine where the ore is near enough to the surface to be dug out without the aid of machinery or the sinking of deep pits; often, too, she stands at the mouth of the shaft to receive the loads of ore or rubbish. Her hours of work are from six to six, with intervals for meals, and her average earnings are about nine shillings a week. She usually begins at fourteen years of age. She is herself a healthy, happy, sturdy woman, not without her share of good looks, and more than her share of freedom, ease, and grace. She is moreover, honest, frank, fearless, independent and virtuous, the exceptions to the last good quality being rare.

The Loss of the "Northfleet" in the Channel.

The terrible accident off Dungeness, on the south coast of Kent, by which a large outward-bound ship, with over three hundred persons, went to the bottom of the sea, excites the interest of people who are compelled to have anything to do with maritime affairs. The *Northfleet* was a fine old ship of 940 tons, built some years ago, at a cost of £25,000, by Picher, at Northfleet, near Gravesend. She was originally built for the China trade, afterward became the property of Mr. Duncan Dunbar, and at his death was sold to Messrs. John Patton, Jun., & Co., of Liverpool and London, of whom she was lately chartered by the firm of Edwin Clark, Pritchard & Co., of Victoria Street, Westminster, contractors for the Tasmanian Main Line Railroad, to convey 350 railway laborers, with a very few women, and children and twelve years of age, to Hobart Town. The *Northfleet* left the East India Docks on Friday, January 17th, with her full complement of passengers, the officers and crew numbering about 40, and completing a living freight of about 400 persons. There were not more than 450 tons of cargo on board, chiefly iron rails and railway material, which was stowed in the lower hold, the entire range of the ship between decks having been fitted up for passengers. On the Wednesday at sunset she came to anchor off Dungeness, about two miles from shore, in eleven fathoms of water, between No. 1 and 2 batteries, and almost opposite the coastguard station. About ten o'clock the ship was taut and comfortable for the night. Almost all the passengers had turned in, and none but the usual officers and men of the watch were on deck. Just as the bells were striking the half hour past ten, the watch observed a large steamer, outward bound, coming directly toward her. She was going at full speed, and, notwithstanding the cries and appeals made to those on board to alter her course, she came straight into the *Northfleet*, and cut her right down. One of the strangest things was that, immediately after the collision, the steamer cleared the ship, and before many of the terrified people below could reach the deck, she was out of sight. Most of the passengers were awakened by the shock, and a fearful panic ensued. Captain Knowles caused rockets to be sent up, bells to be rung, and other signals of distress; but the gun to be fired would not go off, the touch-hole being clogged. Meantime he directed the boats to be launched, giving orders that the safety of the women and children should be first secured. There was a disposition to set these orders at defiance, and, on some of the crew crowding to the davits, with a view of effecting their own safety, Captain Knowles drew a revolver, and declared he would shoot the first man who attempted to save himself in the boats before the women were cared for. Most of the crew seemed to understand that the captain was not to be trifled with; but one man, Thomas Biddies, refused to obey the order, and the captain fired at him, in a boat alongside the ship. The bullet entered the man's leg just above the knee. Our illustrations show the *Northfleet* sinking, and cutter's boat rescuing passengers, also the captain's farewell to the passengers.

Lord Lytton's Funeral in Westminster Abbey.

In compliance with a generally expressed desire, the mortal remains of the poet-novelist, instead of being carried to Knebworth, were buried in Westminster Abbey, the grave being dug in St. Edmund's Chapel, a small inclosure on the west side of the south transept, a few yards beyond Poole's Corner. The high arcades of the Abbey were filled with fog, the gas had to be lit in the choir, lamps were set on Plantagenet tombs, and candles in tin sconces were fixed against the walls. The floor and raised tombs of St. Edmund's Chapel were carpeted with black,

the open grave, which was seven feet deep, being also lined with black cloth. Long before half past twelve, the hour fixed for the funeral, the choir began to fill with mourners. There were men of letters and politicians, not a few ladies, and many friends and tenants from the neighborhood of Knebworth. At length the organ began to play Croft's setting of "I am the Resurrection and the Life," and then the funeral procession appeared, the coffin being borne by Knebworth laborers. The chief mourner was Lord Lytton's son, the present possessor of the title, well known as a poet under the pseudonym of Owen Meredith. Those passages which in a choral funeral service have still to be read by the grave were impressively delivered by Dean Stanley. As the mourners quitted the grave the organ pealed forth the "Dead March in Saul;" the mighty, wonderful music of that wondrous dirge filled the Abbey, and when it had ended the solemnity was complete.

Anniversary of the Battle of Buzenval, near Paris.

On the 19th of January, ten thousand persons assembled, in spite of the rain, on the plain of La Bergerie, near Buzenval, France, to witness the unveiling of a monument raised in honor of the inhabitants of Buzenval who had perished fighting valiantly for their homes and firesides, in the Franco-German war of 1870. The religious services were celebrated in the church of Rueil, which was hung with black, sprinkled with drops and stars. The army was represented by a detachment of the 104th regiment of the line, and the National Assembly by M. Langlois. Besides these were present the Mayor of the Second Ward of Paris, the Curate and Mayor of Gorge, deputations from the Aid and Ambulance Societies of Paris, and a delegation from the 10th regiment of the Garde Nationale. The Curate of Gorge pronounced the funeral oration, and the commemorative stone was blessed. The monument is raised on the edge of a wood, a few steps from the Curate's house, where most of the men fell. The balustrade which surrounds the pyramid was covered with crowns of immortelles.

FOREIGN NOTES.

SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN, the Arbitrator at Geneva on the part of Great Britain, has refused the British peerage, and received the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.

COUNT ANDRÁSSY has informed Minister Jay that the Government consents to the International Congress, to sit at Vienna pending the Exposition, to consider the best mode of encouraging useful invention and manufactures. After the close of the Exhibition the Congress will, in accordance with the desire of the President, negotiate on the subject.

ANOTHER significant sign of the times, as exhibited by the general and increasing spirit of progress, is the appearance of a project, with full sanction from the Government of Holland, for constructing a line of railway on the Island of Java, by far the most important colony of the Kingdom of the Netherlands—the surplus of revenue over expenditure always paid into the Dutch Treasury amounting to nearly \$20,000,000 a year, and the population exceeding 13,000,000.

A NOVELTY of suicide is reported from Paris. Two elderly ladies, sisters, Mesdames Celestine and Julie Ratel, were discovered dead, both having swallowed a strong dose of laudanum. The reason of this family *feto-de-se* is curious—both elderly ladies were in love with the same young man. If he, too, could have been persuaded to join in this new love's sacrifice, it would have been still more complete and interesting; but then it is highly probable that the youth was in love with neither Celestine nor Julie. Matters go awry that way usually.

THE budget of the Russian Empire for the year 1873 exhibits not only the unusual novelty of no deficit, but of a considerable excess of revenue over expenditure. In the not improbable event of the Czar having to go into the money market for a loan to defray the cost of the campaign in Central Asia, this favorable condition of financial affairs will go far to establish confidence. The preparations for the invasion of and attack upon Khiva are understood to be so very considerable that a loan is probably inevitable. The entire national debt of Russia amounts to \$1,670,000,000—the interest has always been paid regularly.

THOUGH the Jesuit Order has very explicitly acknowledged its own expulsion from Germany as a grievance and a good reason for political agitation, it does not yet appear to have recognized it as a fact. The latest Jesuit "Catalogue" goes on to enumerate the German provinces as usual among the twenty-two branches of the Society of Jesus. It even gives prominence to it as the largest, comprising 750 Jesuit brothers, which is more than either of the great French provinces, which contain 729 and 694 members respectively. As a whole, however, France far surpasses ever-faithful Germany, for it musters a contingent of 2,665, considerably more than a fourth of the entire Jesuit host. The total strength of the society is stated to be 8,351. The several provinces are: Rome, Naples, Sicily, Venice, Turin, Austria, Hungary, Galicia, Germany, Belgium, the Netherlands, Champagne, Francia, Lyons, Toulouse, Aragon, Castilia, England, Ireland, Mexico, New York, Maryland and Missouri.

In England they have a summary way of enforcing respect for the courts of justice. The two members of Parliament, Messrs. Whalley and Onslow, who have recently been stamping the country on behalf of the Tichborne claimant, were lately brought before the Court of Queen's Bench for contempt. They were charged with having at public meetings in St. James's Hall declared that the witnesses against the claimant were in a conspiracy opposed to him. The Attorney-General and the Government knew him to be Sir Roger, and insinuated that the Judge was a party to the conspiracy. The Court considered the charges proved, and Sir A. Cockburn, in a judgment of the sternest kind, informed them that but for their submission to the Court, and their pledge to abstain from such proceedings for the future, he should have added imprisonment to the fine of £100, which he proceeded to impose. It was at one time expected that the old question of privilege of Parliament would have been raised, but it was not, as imprisonment till the fine was paid, though at first included in the judgment, was remitted—not, the Lord Chief Justice explains, because of their privilege, but because in their case the fine could be realized without it.

NEWS BREVITIES.

A MINISTERIAL crisis is imminent in Rome.

MASSACRES are to be celebrated for the success of the Bourbon cause.

FRANCE has congratulated Spain on the establishment of the Republic.

PRINCE FRANCOIS D'ASSISE, the consort of Queen Isabella, has left Paris for Madrid.

THE Spanish Congress has passed a Bill which makes military service compulsory on all.

CABLE telegrams are to be reduced between this country and England from a dollar to seventy-five cents a word.

EX-KING AMADEUS has arrived at Lisbon, where an Italian squadron is hourly expected to convey him home.

A MANIFESTO has been prepared by the Spanish Republic to be dispatched to the different foreign powers.

A MOVEMENT is said to be on foot in the Portuguese Army for the creation of a Republic and an Iberian Union.

RESOLUTIONS congratulating Spain on the establishment of a Republic has been introduced into the House and the Senate.

PARIS telegrams report that Don Carlos is preparing to take advantage of the crisis in Spain to push his claims to the throne.

THE town of San Vicente, in the Republic of San Salvador, has been destroyed by an earthquake. The houses were demolished, but no lives lost.

A RESOLUTION has been introduced in the Hungarian Chamber of Deputies, urgently demanding the expulsion of the Jesuits from the country.

A BILL, providing for ministerial electoral reform has received the approval of the Emperor of Austria, and will soon be presented to the Reichsrath.

THE Carlists are increasing in such rapid and formidable proportions, that the Spanish Government is forced to send a regular army against them.

A DEBATE took place recently in the English House of Commons on the propriety of submitting foreign treaties to Parliament before they are ratified.

THE Swiss Federal Council have addressed a sharp letter to the Papal Chargé d'Affaires at Berne, denying the Pope's right to dismember the bishoprics of Switzerland.

NEWS has been received from General Crook to the effect that he has had a fight with the Apaches, in which four Indians were killed and twelve captured.

A DEPUTATION from the Left Centre of the French Assembly has waited upon M. Thiers to promise him the support of their party against the Committee of Thirty.

PEACE prevails in Madrid. The Cortes elected a Provisional Government, of which Figueras was made President of Council and Castelar Minister of Foreign Affairs.

PERE HYACINTHE contends that a union is possible between the Catholics and Protestants if each section will but repudiate the extreme parties who compromise them.

THE French Government has issued instructions to the authorities along the Spanish frontier to redouble their vigilance for the prevention of violations of French neutrality.

PRINCE ALPHONSE, son of the ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, was expected in Paris from Vienna. The Communists of London, Brussels, and Geneva are on their way to Madrid.

AN insurrection has broken out among the natives at Loanda, on the west coast of Africa, against the Portuguese Government, and corvettes and troops have been dispatched to the colony.

THE insurrection in Tepic, Mexico, under Lozada, is assuming formidable proportions. Lozada, in his political manifesto, proposes to establish a government similar to the Paris Commune.

A MEETING was held at the residence of the Duke d'Aumale recently, at which 100,000,000 francs were subscribed to aid the Duke de Montpensier in operations against the Republic in Spain.

OFFICIAL corruption in high places is suspected in Germany. It is understood that Prince Bismarck has intimated that the Emperor William will recognize the Spanish Republic without delay.

THE Spanish Consul at Liverpool has offered a liberal reward for information which will lead to the discovery of shipments of arms to the insurgents in Spain and insurrectionists in the Spanish colonies.

PRESIDENT THIERS refuses to accept the Emperor's hospitalities for his stay in Vienna while attending the Exhibition. He has hired the Palace Leitenburger, and will there abide with the French Commission.

KING AMADEUS has abdicated the throne of Spain, and the Cortes have agreed to the establishment of a republican form of government by a vote of 259 to 32. Intense excitement prevails in Madrid and through the whole country.

IN the House of Lords the Earl of Lauderdale has raised a question as to the settlement of the boundary line between the British dominions and the United States. Earl Granville replied that steps had been taken for the settlement of all boundary questions, and instructions sent out accordingly.

"L'OPINION" says the Emperor of Austria has consented to act as arbitrator for the settlement of the Laurium mines dispute, with the view of reconciling the conflicting views of Italy and France relative to the disputed industrial possession rights of the subjects of both nations in the property.

"L'UNIVERS" publishes a letter from one of the late Emperor's Ministers, confirming the statement made a short time ago, that Austria promised to assist France against Prussia, that a triple alliance was formed but never completed, of France, Austria, and Italy, and that it was Austria who suggested the surrender of Rome to Italy.

REAR ADMIRAL HORNBY, of the British Navy, senior commander of the Channel Squadron, is to be tried by court martial for unnecessarily endangering certain ironclads by allowing them to remain several days at anchor at Funchal, an open roadstead, without protection, having a lee shore, during a succession of gales.

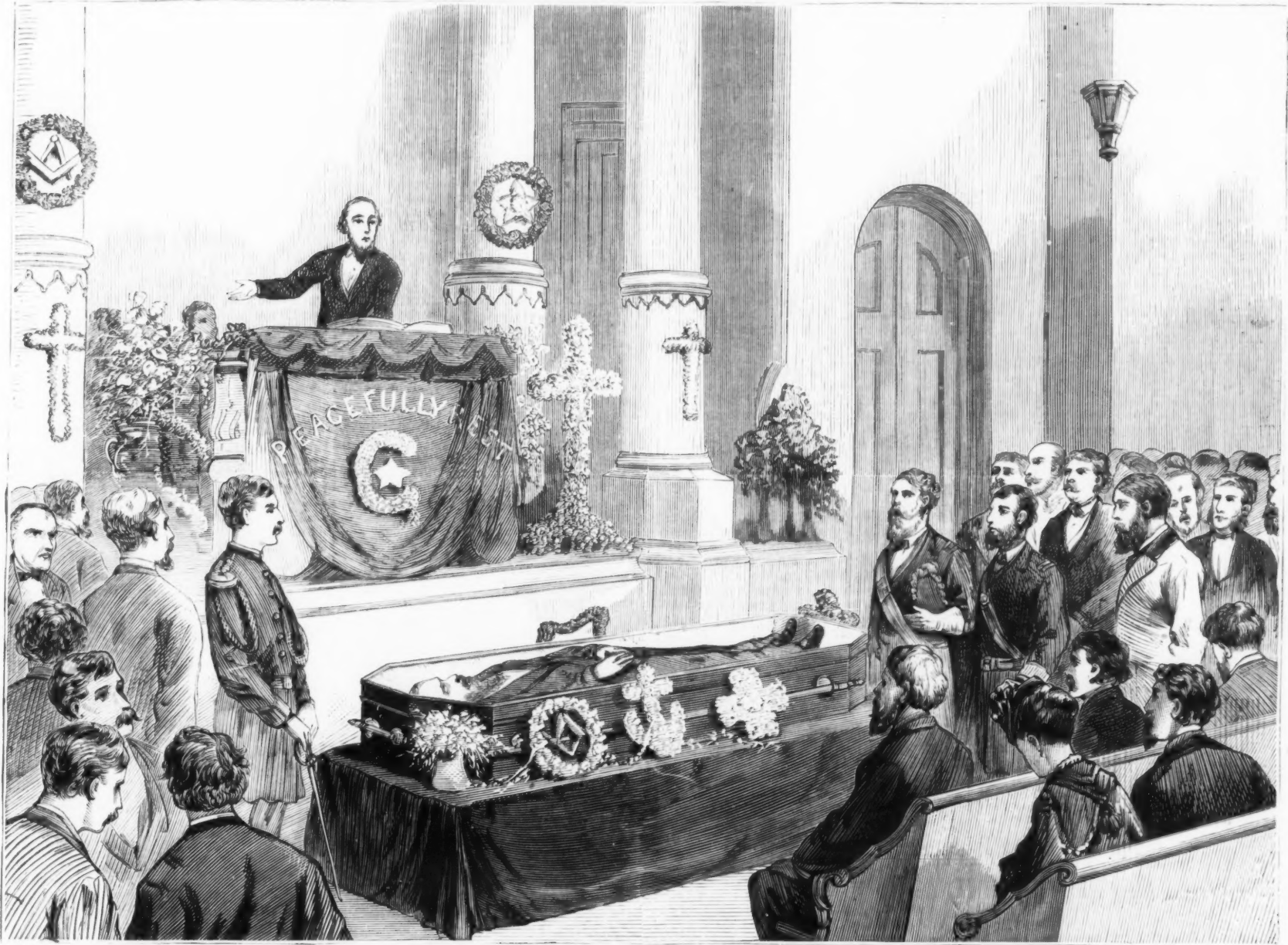
THE House passed the bill by which letter-postage on and after the first day of next July will be reduced to two cents for each half-ounce or fraction thereof. It also reduces the postage on newspaper and other printed matter when mailed by the publishers. The Army Appropriation Bill was taken up, and after some discussion passed. It appropriates \$31,311,933.

AS FIXED by law, the Senate and House of Representatives held a joint session for the purpose of counting the Electoral vote for President and Vice-President of the United States. The final result of which was, the votes of the States of Georgia, Arkansas, and Louisiana were thrown out, and that U. S. Grant and Henry Wilson were elected President and Vice-President, to serve for four years from March 4th, 1873.

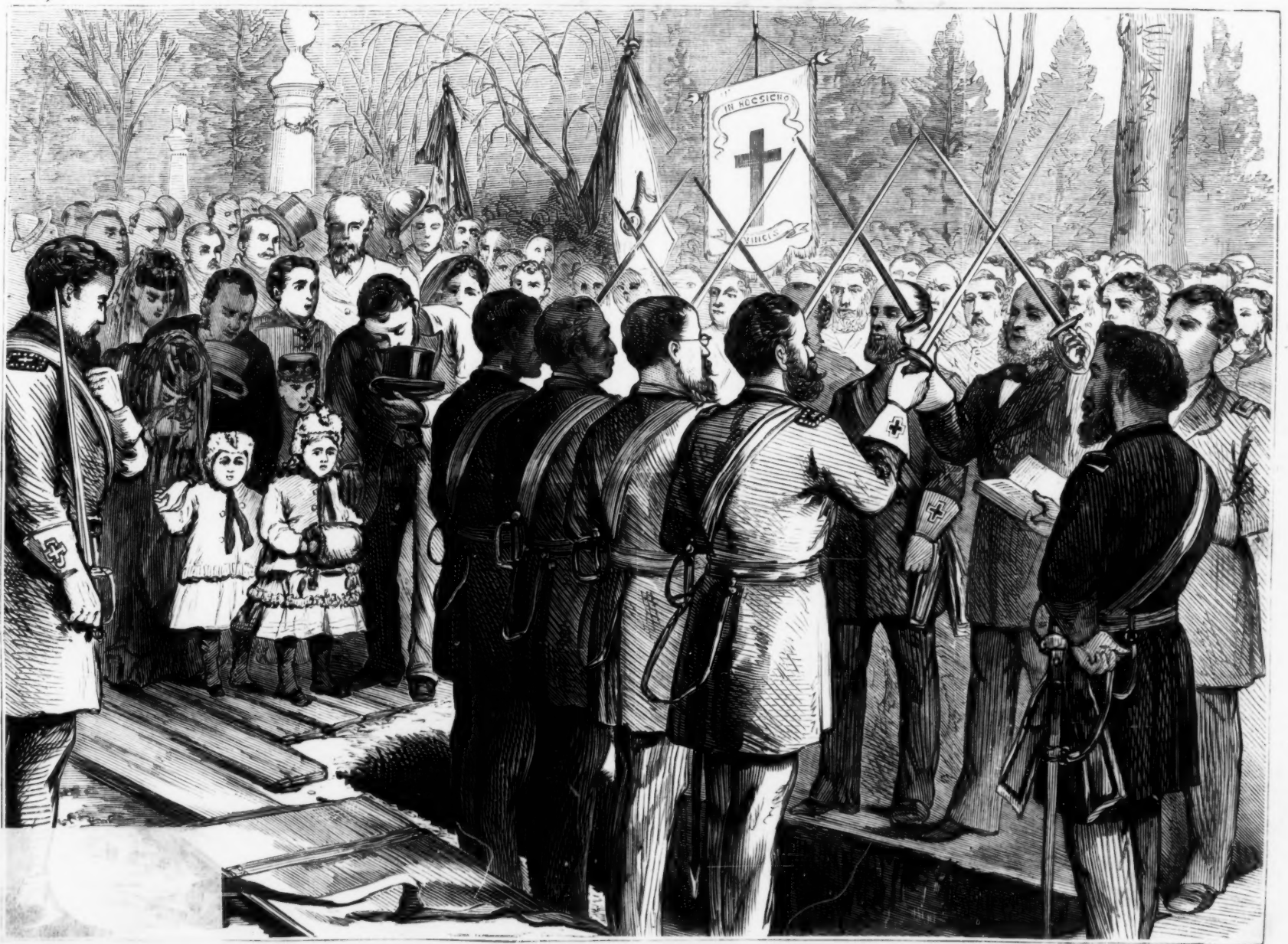


WHAT IS FUN TO THE ELEPHANT IS DEATH TO THE CHICKENS.

ant broke loose last week, and wandered into the Congressional barn-yard at Washington, where he has since committed serious depredations. The Giffard foul was completely flattened out beneath his foot; the Maine bird was the first one to get out of his reach, and lit on a perch to which the rest could not soar.



HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.—FUNERAL OF THE LATE GOVERNOR GEARY—SCENE IN THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—DR. ROBINSON DELIVERING THE ORATION.
SKETCHED BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 402.



HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.—SCENE AT THE CEMETERY—BURIAL SERVICE BY THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.—SEE PAGE 402.

LOSS.

THE house is still but the wind is high,
It jars the pane, it rocks the tree,
As it rushes down from the dead-black sky
To cleave the dead-black sea.
Oh, the spots where vanished feet have gone,
Oh, the aching, dull distress,
Oh, the yearning, oh, the sadness,
Oh, the utter loneliness!

From silent room to silent room
The steps of memory pause and pass,
No noisier through the heavy gloom
Than dewfalls on deep grass;
Yet clearly steals their soundless sound
To the soul's keen inner ear,
That hearkens, that shudders,
That cannot choose but hear!

The comfort of what men may say—
Wring heart, does this mean less or more
Than winds that wail along their way,
Than waves that rise and roar?
Ah, what shall turn the weight of loss
Lighter by one least breath,
While sorrow is sorrow,
And death so darkly death?

"WRECKED!"

OR,

THE ROSCERRAS OF MISTREE.

CHAPTER XXXII.—AN UNSEEN WITNESS.

FOR the first day of her illness Mrs. Bellerose lay as one dead. Life only revealed itself by the opening and closing of her heavy eyelids. She seemed unconscious of any of her surroundings; and those around her, though bidden to hope by the physician, hardly knew how to cherish the feeling as they stood on the marble beauty of her deathly face. Still, toward evening, Doctor de Grace pronounced her in no immediate danger, and a faint dawn of color revealed itself in her snowy lips.

The bed, with its coverlet, linen, and lace of dazzling white, had suggested such melancholy ideas to the good Madame Bouchon, that she had thrown over the couch a coverlet of rose-colored silk, embroidered with forget-me-nots and pansies, which lent a more cheerful air to the apartment, and made the huge bed look less like a bier. The room was furnished with quaintly carved articles in oak, darkened and polished by centuries of wear. The carvings were at once delicate, grotesque and fanciful; huge griffin-heads snapping at roses, in the petals of which crouched dainty elves; lion-heads crowned with the imperial fleur-de-lis, and frequent, everywhere, the arms of the house of Soulanges. It was a gloomy room, save when the morning sun poured; and, as evening closed in, the shadows fell darkly in the corner.

It was just now that Mrs. Bellerose moved for the first time since they had laid her on the bed. She had been lying with her eyes closed, but, as the room darkened, she turned her head on the pillow, so that they fell on a certain spot where shadows were deepest, and, with her gaze fixed, she lay looking steadfastly toward it.

Madame Bouchon, sitting musingly by the fire, looked suddenly up and toward the bed, and her face changed as the glittering splendor of those dark and burning eyes shone on her through the gloom of the apartment. Their gaze was fixed, steady, comprehensive—not the fiery, shifting glance of incipient delirium; and yet there was an expression in them for which Madame could not account, and which rendered her singularly uncomfortable. Fanchon sat nodding in an easy-chair, and Madame wished devoutly that she would awaken, that something would distract those terrible lustrous eyes from their unwinking gaze into that shadowy spot, which commenced also to exert a species of fascination over herself, and yet at which she began to experience an extreme disinclination to look.

Madame—rosy, cheerful woman—was not one, however, to remain under morbid impressions, and, with a silent, dexterous touch, she sent the flickering fire into a wide glow, that swept like a cheerful wave over the apartment, and even dashed its warm, rosy light into the spot on which the eyes of Mrs. Bellerose were fixed, bringing every object in its immediate neighborhood into bold relief. A commonplace door with shining panels stood in this recess, and though never used, Madame knew it opened on a corridor leading to an unfrequented stairway.

Madame's practical mind instantly suggested that a cold draft might fall on the bed through its crevices, and, with a light step, she crossed the apartment in order to ascertain if such were really the case. To her surprise, the door yielded to her hand, and she perceived that it had only been partially closed, as though some one had hurriedly departed by it, neglecting to shut it securely. During the confusion and anxiety of the day, this had escaped the observation of those in the apartment, and it was with no little wonder that Madame Bouchon discovered it now, for, in her knowledge of the château, she had never known it to have been unlocked. The key was not on the inside, and, fearing to expose Mrs. Bellerose to a rush of cold air if she went to search for it on the other side, she hastily closed it, and turned again toward the bed.

There was what might almost be taken for a look of relief in the eyes of Mrs. Bellerose, and, fancying that the draft from the partially closed door had annoyed her, Madame smiled and nodded as though to assure her that it should not occur again; and at this moment Rosetta entered the room with lights.

"You are foolish to place one there. Don't you see that the eyes of Madame will be dazzled?" said Madame, in a low but sharp tone, as, wheeling a light stand into the recess, Rosetta proceeded to place the lamp on it in such a position as to flame softly but brightly.

that portion of the apartment. Rosetta shook her head.

"It is best so, I think," she said, quietly.

The eyes of Mrs. Bellerose thanked her mutely, as she looked to see if what she had done were agreeable to her, and then the evening slipped quietly into night, and night rolled, oh, how wearily, toward midnight.

Dorion came now and then softly to the bedside, and seeing that his mother slept, went away hopefully, and Julie crept in and out, white and weebegone as a restless ghost. The physician came, and, after many directions, went away cheerfully to the apartment prepared for him, and Fanchon, Madame Bouchon and Rosetta were left to keep watch. Rosetta quite won upon Madame by insisting on her lying down on a couch, which she wheeled for her to the fire, and where, despite her protestations that she was not at all sleepy, the wife of the notary was soon enjoying a slumber as profound as that of *Mam'selle Bibb*, in her swinging cot a couple of apartments away, or that of Fanchon, who sat in a low chair beside the hearth, the firelight playing curious tricks with her brown face, glittering earrings and huge cap, and darting over the scarlet folds of her bright *camisole*, touching it in spots into a rich hue. Her rosary glistened between her lean fingers, and occasionally her lips moved as though in her dreams she was muttering prayers.

So Rosetta was left to watch alone through the night.

Apparently this was as she wished, for as Madame succumbed to the drowsy influences of the hour, a look of satisfaction broke over her face, and drawing a chair to a position commanding a full view of the alcove, the bed and its occupant, she sat down, after carefully and quietly replenishing the fire. The lamp burned clearly and steadily on the table in the recess, and with infinite care she had arranged the curtains on that side of the bed so that their folds intercepted the light from the eyes of the sleeper. She kept her gaze steadily fixed on the shaded face, nor, as the weary hours stole by, marked by the faint silvery peal of a clock in a distant apartment, did her anxious and observant gaze falter or turn aside.

Once Madame Bouchon roused herself, but, perceiving that the invalid slept quietly, returned to her couch, after in vain entreating Rosetta to take her place for a time. Silence fell again on the apartment, and Rosetta resumed her solitary watch. As the night wore away, instead of succumbing to fatigue, she became restless, and, rising from her seat, softly approached the bed and stood gazing down on the placid face of the sleeper. An opiate had been administered to her, the effects of which might last until morning, or pass away at any moment, and, as Rosetta watched the perfect repose of her beautiful face, an expression of deep distress and anxiety knitted her brows and darkened her attentive features. She wrung her hands with a gesture of uncontrollable impatience, and bending over the sleeper, listened anxiously to her breathing.

At once and suddenly the eyes of Mrs. Bellerose opened and rested with a look of anxiety on the pale face of the young woman, the expression of which was fully revealed to her by the light of the lamp burning in the recess. Her lips moved as though she would speak, but Rosetta instantly laid her finger on them, and in a whisper, so low as to be hardly audible, said:

"Mrs. Bellerose, you must not speak; a single word might endanger your life; but if you can listen attentively to what I am about to say, I have seized the first moment possible to speak to you."

Falling into an attitude which, had Fanchon or Madame suddenly awakened, would have conveyed to them the idea that she was arranging the pillows under the head of Mrs. Bellerose, Rosetta leant closer to the latter, and continued, in a voice that could only be distinguished by her to whom it was addressed:

"I have to tell you that Fram Tregar succeeded in escaping from Lord Rosclerra, in what manner I do not know. But an active search will be made for him, not only by my lord, but by Monsieur Bouchon, who seems as much interested in the matter as his lordship. I tell you this in order that you may make use of my services if you should find it necessary to do so."

At the mention of the escape of the supposed Fram, a faint red flushed the marble face of the earl's mother, and her attentive eyes shot out a bright and swift gleam of triumph, both of which faded into a more intense pallor and darkness as Rosetta's last words of warning fell on her strained ears. She sighed deeply, and again attempted to speak, but was once more checked by the attentive Rosetta.

"Consider well what you would say," she said, "because you must not risk your life by speaking more than a word or two. I can't help feeling that I am little better than a murderer in allowing you to speak at all."

Rosetta paused and waited, with her eyes fixed on Mrs. Bellerose, whose face gradually assumed a look of what might almost be termed relief. She appeared to meditate deeply, at the same time considering the handsome face of the girl—whose cheeks were now greatly flushed with agitation—with a piercing intensity, and then her large eyes turned significantly on the dimly seen forms of Madame Bouchon and Fanchon.

"Asleep," said Rosetta, softly, rightly interpreting her glance.

The eyes of Mrs. Bellerose again sought those of Rosetta, and then turned toward the toilet, on which a large ebony box bound with bands of dead-gold glistened in the firelight.

"I am to bring you your jewel-case?" interpreted Rosetta, in the same cautious tone.

Her eyes gave an eager assent, and Rosetta, gliding past the sleepers with a tread as noiseless as snow on velvet, approached the toilet and lifted the casket, which she brought to the

Obeying the mute language of the eyes of Mrs. Bellerose, she laid it on the bed, and, after assuring herself that the two women still slept profoundly, opened it. Instantly the glare of the lamp was reflected in a thousand sparkles of light, mixed with the tender green effulgence of emeralds; and still silently directed by Mrs. Bellerose, she lifted from its satin bed a superb necklace of diamonds and emeralds, and then reclosed and locked the casket, giving the little jeweled key into the transparent fingers of her mistress.

Now it was necessary that Mrs. Bellerose should speak, and, trembling for the effect of the experiment, Rosetta bent her head close to the pallid lips. With a great effort Mrs. Bellerose spoke, but in a voice so low that even the strained ear of the listener could barely distinguish the words:

"The broken fountain, an hour after midnight."

Rosetta thought for a moment.

"I am to meet some one there, to whom I am to give these jewels?"

"Yes," came the answer, so faint and with so evident an effort, that Rosetta was alarmed for the consequences.

"Do not speak again," she urged, "but if I am right, move your hand. Is it Fram Tregar to whom I am to give these?"

She touched the jewels, but the white hand lay motionless as though carved on a tomb, and the dark eyes looked an eager negative.

Rosetta was infinitely perplexed, and perceiving this, Mrs. Bellerose made another effort, and pronounced a name that sent a shudder through her listener. The effort was, however, too much for the invalid, and as Rosetta turned to replace the casket on the toilet she fainted, but unobserved by Rosetta, who was turned from the bed.

For an instant Rosetta stood by the table considering how she should manage to perform the task she had undertaken, unconsciously holding the jewels in her hand as she did so. Her face reflected in the lofty mirror was dark and frowning, for her brain was in a whirl of painful and perplexing thoughts, and, hastily thrusting the jewels into the bosom of her dress, she walked to a distant window in order to ascertain what kind of night she would be obliged to face in pursuance of her promise to Mrs. Bellerose. Her back was toward the door, and she did not perceive that the door had partially opened, and that a pair of keen eyes watched her with a glance of mingled astonishment, dismay, and triumph.

At this moment the faint silvery chime to lead the hour of midnight, and as, startled by the sound more audible through the open door, Rosetta turned from the window, the door closed swiftly and silently as lightning, and the unseen witness vanished, undetected by any in the apartment.

(To be continued.)

NEGRO PRISONERS AT WORK.

THE employment of prisoners in the penitentiaries varies in different localities. In the Northern States the convicts are generally employed inside the prison buildings or yards, the latter privilege being accorded to those whose sentences are not for long terms. In most of the States the labor of the prisoners is let out by contract, sometimes the whole prison being assigned to one man, while at others there will be several contractors. Some of the men will be employed upon shoes, others upon cabinet-work, others in blacksmithing, and so on through the list of trades. One object of prison discipline is to teach trades to vagabonds who do not know any particular kind of handicraft, and thus enable them to earn an honest living after their release. The selection of an employment for a prisoner varies according to his age and intellect and the length of his sentence. If his time of detention is not to exceed a year, it is not customary to put him at any trade, and he is employed at any rough work that may not require especial skill. Hammering granite is one of the favorite occupations of these short-term novices, and a great deal of raw muscle is annually devoted to polishing stone and fitting it for the builder's use.

A romantic story is told about an individual who was sent nearly thirty years ago to serve out a six or eight-months sentence for some light crime. He had been fairly educated and was of good family, but had fallen into evil ways and committed several crimes before attaining his majority. He was placed in the stone-cutting department of the prison the day after his arrival, and at once developed unusual skill combined with fondness for the work. When his sentence was expired he asked permission to remain a few months longer; but this was not allowed, and he went away sorrowing. Through the influence of one of the prison officials, he obtained a situation in a stone-cutter's establishment, where he soon rose to one of the highest positions. He was skilful to a surprising degree, and when an elaborate piece of work upon a mantel or a monument was wanted, he was called upon to design and execute it. Since then he has attained considerable prominence as a sculptor, and though he does not make frequent allusion to the beginning of his career, he sometimes tells his intimate friends that he owes his prosperity to his imprisonment and the lessons he received in stone-cutting. Possibly there are many like him who could be benefited by a season in the penitentiary.

In some of the States the convicts are frequently sent to work upon roads, and sometimes they are an important reliance of the contractors. In many countries it is the custom to employ prisoners upon the public highways, and it is said that the excellent roads in Italy and other countries are due to the large number of criminals employed upon them. Particularly is this the case in Spanish countries, where convicts are ornamented with balls

attached to chains, and compelled to drag them around while at work. Guards stand over them, to shoot them if they attempt to escape, and between their burdens and the vigilance of the guards there is little chance of running away.

The working-hours are from daylight to dark, and the food and sleeping accommodations of the prisoners are of the poorest character. But this is partially atoned for by the labor, which is not generally very severe. A man who was once a member of a road-gang in Mexico told me that the guards would not allow the prisoners to run away, but they never pressed them to work hard. "When I first went into the gang," said he, "I used to throw as many as twenty shovels of dirt an hour, but when I had been at it a couple of days I reduced the number to ten, and rarely took up more than a pint of dirt."

When prisoners are employed under contract in building or repairing railways, they are fed and lodged by the contractors. The guards are generally furnished by the State, but it is the custom for the contractor to pay the wages of the guards, or at any rate to add something to them, if paid by the State. Houses for lodging the prisoners are erected near the line of the work, and are so constructed as to diminish the chances of running away.

The illustration presented herewith represents a lot of negro convicts working upon a railway, near Richmond, Va. They are dressed in that uniform whose peculiar stripes render detection easy, in case of escape, and has been adopted in most of the American penitentiaries. One of them has been allowed to retain the rings in his ears, but otherwise than this their persons are destitute of ornament. Their guard stands with his rifle ready for use, and in his belt is a pistol ready for any emergency. His face indicates confidence, fidelity and watchfulness, and he is evidently not a man to be moved by sympathy for the men under his charge through any tale of woe or unrequited affection they might choose to tell him. The faces of the prisoners are not indicative of high intelligence, and one would not be likely to look among them for the author of the "Junius Letters," or the translator of the "Iliad" of Homer. Formerly, it was the custom to employ these laborers with a ball and chain attachment, but this practice has now been abandoned, except in rare instances, as it is found that the ball and chain interfere seriously with the man's industrial abilities. A careful distinction is made between white and negro prisoners. Both are compelled to work, but they are never put in one gang, unless through some great emergency, such as repairing a break in a river embankment, or performing a piece of work where celerity is the first requisite. Negro prisoners employed in the open air require very careful watching, as they can find concealment, in case of escape, more readily than their pale-faced fellows. At hiding in swamps and forests they are adepts, and frequently conceal themselves with such success as to baffle their pursuers, even when aided by bloodhounds. But the latter are rarely used now-a-days, and it is probable that a few more years will altogether end their employment as an adjunct of man-hunting.

TRIAL OF STEAM TRAMWAYS

AT BUCKHURST HILL, ENGLAND.

AT present, the question of working tramways by means of locomotive engines and light rolling stock is in course of receiving a practical solution in the kingdom of Portugal, where two lines of considerable length are now being made by the Lisbon Steam Tramway Company. The tramway consists of a central 42-pound rail of the Vignoles section, flanked on either side, at a distance of twenty inches, with timber longitudinal sleepers, three inches being secured to transverse sleepers, also of timber. Upon this triple line run engines and carriages, having one pair of broad wheels placed central to their length, and running on timber sleepers, and at either end a bogie frame carrying for the engine two and for the carriages one double-flanged wheel, placed central to the width of the carriage, and working on the iron rail. In the locomotive the pair of broad wheels are the drivers, the small central wheels acting mainly as guides. In the carriages, however, the exact reverse of this is observed. Our illustration shows an experiment with an engine, a second and a third-class carriage, and a goods wagon of the type described, at Buckhurst Hill.

FUNERAL OF EX-GOVERNOR GEARY.

EX-GOVERNOR JOHN W. GEARY, of Pennsylvania, died so suddenly at his residence in Harrisburg on Saturday morning, February 8th, as to have caused the most profound sensation among his numerous friends. He was at the breakfast-table when stricken by apoplexy, or heart-disease.

He has been in public life since 1846, when he went out as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Pennsylvania Regiment to the Mexican War. Being promoted to the colonelcy of his regiment for gallantry, on the capture of the city of Mexico he was placed in command of the Citadel. His services to the country have been valuable. He was Postmaster of San Francisco, Cal., in 1849, and, afterward, Judge of the First Instance, Sheriff, Recorder and Probate Judge. In 1856 he was sent to Kansas by President Pierce to put down the State Party, and was forced to retire because of his difficulty with Judge Leecombe. He then went into private life, remaining thither until the outbreak of the late war, in which he took an active part. In 1868 he was elected Governor of Pennsylvania, and was re-elected

three years later. He retired from the Executive chair in the beginning of the present year.

Our illustrations show the funeral of the deceased at Harrisburg, on the 13th instant, which was characterized by grand military and civic displays. At 11 o'clock the remains were removed from the family residence to the Presbyterian church, where they were deposited in front of the pulpit. The floral surroundings were magnificent. The front of the pulpit was hung with black cloth, blazoned with a casket and the words, "Peacefully Rest," with the monogram "G."

The church was crowded by the friends, secret and elite societies to which deceased belonged. Rev. Dr. Robinson, pastor of the church, preached the funeral sermon; after which the Knights Templar assumed charge of the body, and acting as guard of honor to the cemetery, followed by the Masons, Oddfellows, and others, reached the grave, where, as seen in our second picture, they conducted the ceremonies. After the usual military salute, the procession returned to the city.

SALTING THE STREETS.

MOST people are aware that salt is an excellent substance with which to crack ice and melt snow, and that it can be admirably applied to the rail-beds of car lines to render travel more expeditious. Few, however, know, or if they do, will admit, that it is also a prominent life-destroying agent. Many persons wonder why, on walking in certain localities, their feet become numbed in an incredibly short time. If a person wishes to make a test of the freezing quality of salt beyond that noticed in making ice-cream, take a thermometer, place it in an excavation in an ice-bank, and mark the temperature. Then plunge it into the soapy mixture of snow-water and salt, and a remarkable lowering of the mercury will be detected. A person's feet may be more hopelessly frozen in snow or water impregnated with salt than in a bank of pure snow or ice. At a certain temperature the blood ceases to flow, numbness ensues, and then mortification. Amputation becomes necessary, to arrest gangrene and save life. While the action of salt on the human foot is alarming, it is far more terrible on that of a horse.

The Bill of Mr. Henry Bergh praying for the enactment of a general law prohibiting the salting of streets has our heartiest support. The necessity is urgent and the proof voluminous.

Wishing to make a thorough investigation of the results to man and beast, we have visited a large number of the prominent stables, and examined the hoofs of invalided horses. The car and stage companies use the salt abundantly, and yet claim that their horses do not suffer the least inconvenience; that rapid travel is thereby promoted, and, therefore, the practice is one of public interest, deserving the fullest consideration. Their horses, as seen at the stables, are, it is true, quite free from sore hoofs and heels; but this is no proof of the harmlessness of the practice. Private, hack and truck-horses suffer more than those driven all day along a salted track; and why? At the car-stables the horses are carefully washed after each trip. Being constantly in motion, the foot is kept warm, and there is little chance for salt-water to soak the fetlocks. The injury principally ensues where horses are obliged to stand sometimes for an hour in the saline slush. The sensitive lamina is chilled, the horse raises one foot, then another, from the freezing mixture, seeking relief. The heel becomes ulcerated, even if the foot itself is not frozen; bad ulcers are applied, but if not in the first stage, the animal is laid up, subject to the most rigid treatment, with every prospect of a speedy death or sloughing off of the hoof. But car-horses are seldom seen so bound? Truly. But it is a fact that, to sustain the semblance of proof of harmlessness, car-horses so affected are sent to secluded stables, and there doctored secretly. One of our principal companies is in the habit of sending its horses suffering from salt to a temporary stable in Jones's Woods, to which few persons have occasion to penetrate during the winter.

Managers of the city railroad companies apply the salt secretly at night by having cars, supplied with the material, driven over the route, the salt being sprinkled by means of perforations in the floor.

On the evening of the 31st of December last three of the carts of the Street Cleaning Bureau, now under control of the Police Department, were on Broadway near Bleecker Street. Each cart was half full of salt or saltpetre, which the driver was sprinkling with a shovel along the roadway. The same night the Third Avenue, Eighth and Ninth, and the Bleecker Street railroad companies, followed the example, and cast hundreds of bushels of salt and saltpetre over their lines. The stage companies, too, did the same. One used five hundred bushels of "sugar," as it is termed, in a single night, over its route, to melt the snow. On Tuesday, February 11th, an officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, stationed on Broadway, counted, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 4 P. M., 935 horses passing by with one and two feet bandaged up, and 300 with four feet bound. On Friday, February 14th, we counted in ten minutes, at the corner of Broadway and Pearl Street, 47 horses with bandaged feet passing; at the City Hall, 6 car and 17 truck and carriage-horses; at Canal Street and West Broadway, 4 car and 27 truck-horses.

We alluded to the injury inflicted upon human beings. A startling effect of the salting was noticed in 1862, at the office of the Register of Deeds. It appeared that diseases of the respiratory organs assumed the proportions of an epidemic. It is now a matter of record that the route was clearly marked by the streets that had been salted. Thus, the sprinkling of car and stage

streets, while rendering travel less interrupted, served as the conductor of a dangerous disease.

The Legislature ought certainly to consider carefully the Bill introduced by Mr. Bergh. As space will not permit us to elaborate an article as the subject deserves, we call attention to our sketches illustrative of the outrage.

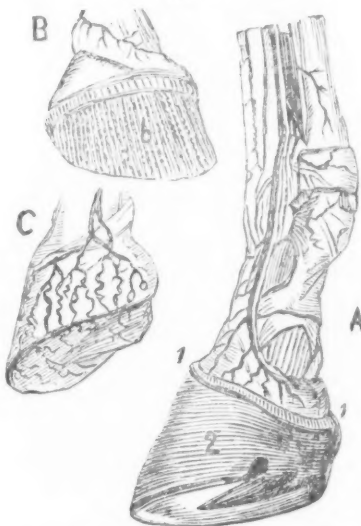
EXPLANATION OF DRAWINGS.

No. 1.



No. 1 shows the natural hoof, with a dotted line marking the "slush line," to which the hoof sinks in the mire.

No. 2.



No. 2.—A shows the anatomical appearance of the fetlock and hoof. 1, in A, shows the upper part of the sensitive lamina, and 2 the horny part.

B, in No. 2, shows the hoof after the horny part is removed; b, within, shows the sensitive lamina, which fits close to the hoof, and looks like the inside of a roadstool.

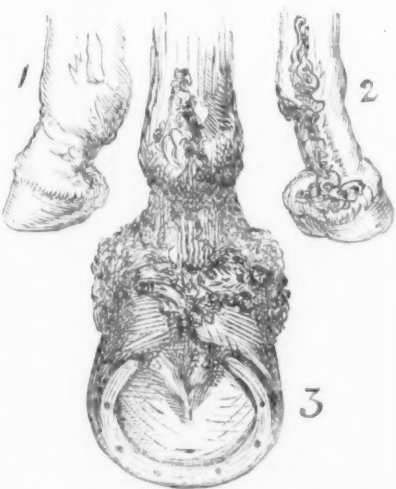
C, in No. 2, shows the bony part of the hoof, with the cover of the sensitive lamina.

No. 3.



No. 3 shows the ulceration beginning on the upper part of the hoof.

No. 4.



No. 4 indicates different specimens of the diseased hoofs in the early stages of the ulceration.

No. 5.



No. 5 shows the terrible ravages made by the ulcerations in a hoof which has been diseased for a little time.

No. 6.



No. 6 demonstrates the insidious extension of the ulceration beneath the exterior of the hoof.

SCIENTIFIC.

Every one who observes the stars at all must have noticed that they twinkle much more on some nights than on others, and this irrespective of any sensible difference in the clearness of sky or air. On rare occasions the twinkling becomes a really striking phenomenon; and at such times it is interesting to note the series of changes which together make up a "twinkle." For this purpose it is convenient to select two stars of suitable size and distance apart, and to look steadfastly at one, while the attention is directed to the other. The star which is not looked at will become alternately visible and invisible, in the manner in which these changes succeed each other will be found remarkable.

At a recent meeting of the Geological Society of London, Mr. Henry Woodward, F.G.S., described a new species of *Trilobite* from the Cock's Comb Mountains at the Cape of Good Hope, which had been preserved in a nodule, the impression retained in which, when broken, furnished the most instructive details as to its structure. Each of the eleven thoracic segments was furnished with a long median dorsal spine, giving to the profile of the animal a crested appearance. On each side of this axis of the segment bears two or three tubercles, and the ridge of the pleura four or five tubercles. The tail is terminated by a spine more than half an inch in length, and all the spines are annulated. For this *Trilobite* the author proposed the name of *Encrinurus crista-galli*, although with some doubt as to the genus, the head being only imperfectly preserved.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Nature* writes to that journal: "It is, I believe, commonly supposed by geologists that the movements of the surface of the earth are caused by the refrigeration and contraction of the interior. But since the glacial epoch the surface of the earth has become warmer; consequently since that time a heat wave must have been passing from the surface toward the centre; and consequently since that time no refrigeration nor contraction of the interior can have taken place. If, therefore, movements of the earth's surface were due to this cause only, no such movements should have taken place since the glacial epoch." Another correspondent of the same journal suggests: "May not the white, telescopic appearance of the moon's surface, resembling snow in many parts, be explained by the fact that the extinct volcanoes of our satellite are covered with crystals of salt? Any person who is accustomed to view the moon through a telescope must, I think, have been struck with the dazzling snow-white appearance of the mountains. May not an explanation of this be deduced from the experiences gained by the last eruption of Vesuvius? One of the most curious phenomena observed is the power of burning lava to retain an enormous quantity of water and salt, which it does not allow to escape till it begins to cool. . . . The formation of salt is shown generally over the whole stretch of lava emitted in 1872. Soon after the surface cools it is covered with a light crust of salt."

A Mr. GORHAM has dedicated a book to Vice-President Cox, entitled "Receipts and Expenditures of the Senate." It is quite statistical. It narrates how Gorham bought a Webster's Dictionary for the Hon. W. G. Brownlow, of Tennessee, picking the curiosity of the reader as to what use that gentleman made of it; how he bought rose-tinted note-paper, *en de Nite* envelopes, manilla, and maps; how he hung "shades" on committee-rooms; how he stained bookcases, and picked locks, and drilled holes in the wall, and put cast-iron chairs, and nipped the wall, and hung towel-racks, and stuffed cushions with the best curled hair, and sharpened shears, and put a long ash-handle on a brush, and dovetailed a box for the Committee on Outrages, and put seventy-four large screws into boxes, and got a new tongue for a book-truck, and everything of that sort, and how much it all cost. It's mighty interesting reading. It shows how Mr. Gorham disbursed \$465,552.41 during one year. Among other facts of absorbing interest, we gather that between December and May Gorham bought eight lemon-squeezers, four cocoanut-tippers, much sugar and lemons, spoons and knives, and other such raw material for laws. Also, that on the 29th of December he bought for the United States three pounds of mercury, and on the 31st of the same month half a gallon of castor-oil. By-the-way, who took the half-gallon of castor-oil. This is the old dodge of swindling the Government, under the plea of "contingent expenses."

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

The population of Cuba is 1,400,000.

ABD-UL-KADER is lying seriously ill in Damascus.

THE Emperor William will visit the Vienna Exhibition early in July.

MENTION is made of a life of Washington written by Victor Hugo's son.

HINDOOSTAN contains 186,037,000 people who pay revenue to the British Government.

THE Court of Prussia goes into mourning three weeks for the late dowager Empress of Austria.

AN American miser in London lately economized himself to death, leaving a fortune of \$900,000.

THE "American colony" in Paris will celebrate Washington's birthday by a dinner at the Grand Hotel.

THE Rev. Dr. Potter, of Hilliscroft, England, accuses Mr. Gladstone of being a "Jesuit in disguise."

NAPOLEON's death, M. Thiers believes, will greatly favor the permanent re-establishment of the Republic.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT is editor of a new magazine, called *The Musical Monthly*, lately started in London.

THE RIGHT REVEREND SAMUEL GOBAT, Bishop of Jerusalem, is the oldest missionary bishop. His age is 73.

At a recent meeting of the Liberal Club, Dr. A. K. Gardner delivered a lecture on "Music as a Medicine."

REAR-ADMIRAL ALDEN and several of his officers are in Naples, and were received lately by Victor Emmanuel.

THE ex-Prince Imperial of France is known as Gentleman Cadet Count de Pierrefonds at the Woolwich Military Academy.

CHARLES READE has brought a suit against the *London Advertiser*, in £1,000 damages, for a criticism of one of his plays.

THE Crown-Prince of Germany has sufficiently recovered his health to give a series of evening receptions at Wiesbaden.

THE Lord Mayor of London will, on the 26th of March, entertain the Mayors of all England and Wales at the Mansion House.

A PRIZE of 5,000 florins for the best editorial article of less than a column on Austrian affairs, is offered by the Emperor of Austria.

Two descendants of Genghis Khan, the Mongol sovereign and conqueror of the 12th century, are high officers in the Russian Army.

AMONG those who propose to leave Germany this year for the United States are 10,000 tobacco-growers and 12,000 wine-growers.

CAPTAIN TRACY, of the British Royal Navy, has accepted a post in connection with the Foochow arsenal, in the service of the Emperor of China.

AGAIN the rumor is prevalent that the English Postmaster-General intends to reduce the ordinary telegrams from one shilling to sixpence.

THE Czar's birthday is to be specially celebrated this year, and the Emperor William of Germany is expected to visit St. Petersburg at that time.

MARTIN KALBLEISCH, ex-Mayor of Brooklyn, died recently at his residence on Bushwick Avenue, after lingering nearly a month at the point of death.

THE Rev. Mr. Loftus was acquitted in the Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin, on the charge of having illegally used spiritual influence to intimidate voters in a parliamentary election.

THE last words pronounced by Napoleon III., says the *London Figaro*, in his dying moments, were addressed to his friend, Dr. Conneau. They were: "Écrivez vous à Sedan?" (Were you at Sedan?)

A RUMOR is telegraphed from St. Louis that Charles W. Ford, Internal Revenue Collector of that district, and an old personal friend of President Grant, will succeed Delano as Secretary of the Interior.

THE letter addressed by the Emperor of Germany to Prince Bismarck, with the *crachet* in brilliant of the Black Eagle, terminates with these words, "Your faithful, devoted, and grateful King."

THE Count de Paris is now reported to think the Count de Chambord only a pretender, and to say that the monarchy can only be restored by popular election, and then must be constitutional, not absolute.

THE Prince of Wales is expected soon to visit Ireland to be installed as President of the Masonic "Order of Chivalry." He will also attend the opening of the Vienna Exhibition as chairman of the British Commission.

It is stated that the physician of Senator Sumner is of opinion that if the Senator can be induced to keep from excitement he will be able to enter upon his Senatorial duties at the next session with much of his old vigor.

MR. JOSEPH HOWE is to succeed Sir Hastings Doyle as Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. Mr. Howe strongly opposed the union of the British North American colonies, and since its accomplishment has been in private life.

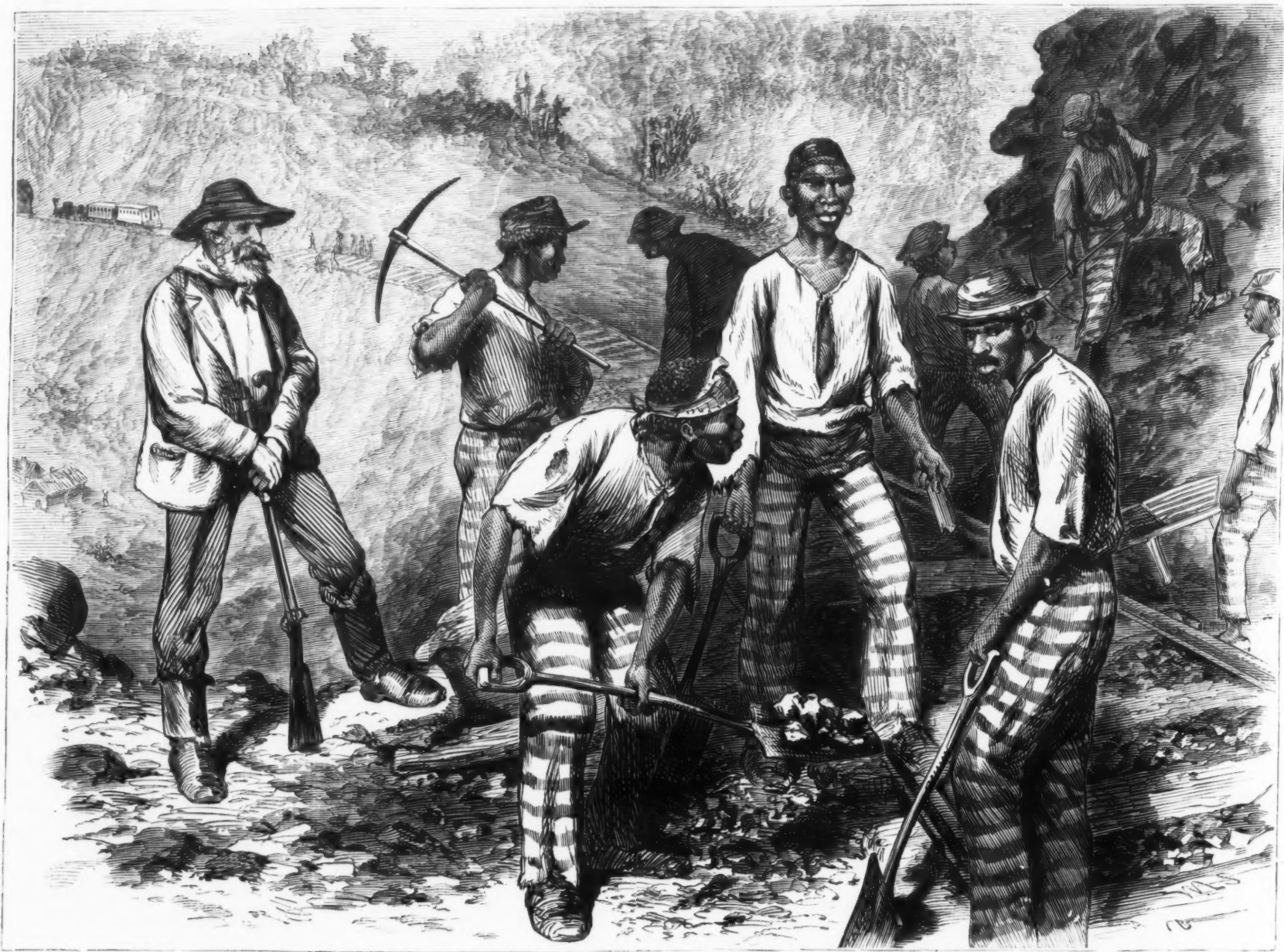
THE ex-Prince Imperial of France is announced by the *Vienna Free Press* to have signed himself Napoleon IV. in answer to a message of condolence from Prince Charles, of Roumania. He is young enough and foolish enough.

A CABLE dispatch from Rome announces the appointment of Very Rev. Dr. M. A. C. Riggs as Bishop of Newark, N. J., and of William H. Gross, a Redemptorist missionary, as Bishop of Savannah. The nominations were confirmed by the Pope on February 24.

MR. MECH, the great scientific farmer, sums up the result of the English harvest in the *London Times*. He says he is no alarmist, but he believes that England will have to pay for foreign corn in quantity and price from \$5,000,000 to \$100,000,000 more than in a good wheat season.

It is rumored in Quebec that Mr. Quibet will be Premier of the Quebec Cabinet instead of Mr. Chauveau; that Solicitor-General Irvine will become Attorney-General; that Mr. Chapleau will be appointed Solicitor-General, and that Dr. Fortin will become Commissioner of Crown Lands.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER has gone on a three-weeks Western lecturing tour. His route is as follows: Harrisburg, Pa., February 17th; Pittsburg, 18th; Cleveland, O., 19th; Cincinnati, 20th and 22d; Louisville, Ky., 21st; Indianapolis, Ind., (his former home), 24th; St. Louis, 25th and 26th; Peoria, Ill., 27th; Chicago 28th and 30th; Milwaukee, March 1st; Toledo, O., 4th; Ann Arbor, 5th; Detroit, 6th; and Toronto, Can., 7th. In three cities over \$1,500 worth of tickets have been sold already for each lecture.



VIRGINIA.—NEGRO CONVICTS WORKING ON THE RAILROAD IN THE MOUNTAINS.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. H. SHEPPARD.—SEE PAGE 402.

COLONEL HARRY ROCKAFELLAR.

ON the evening of the 3d inst., the officers of the Seventy-first Infantry, N.G.S.N.Y., waited upon their ex-Colonel, Harry Rockafellar, at his residence, 137 East Thirty-ninth Street, and presented him with a set of Resolutions, incased in a costly casket, which latter

was in itself a very fitting introduction to the gems of sentiment contained in it:

At a regular meeting of the Board of Officers of the Seventy-first Infantry, N.G.S.N.Y., held at the armory Wednesday evening, August 14th, 1872, it was unanimously resolved to give expression to the estimation in which Harry Rockafellar, their retiring Colonel, is held.

Whereas, Desiring to place on record its high appreciation of him as a man, and of services rendered this organization for many years of private and official life, we, the members, hereby bear testimony to his honorable record as a soldier, joining the regiment in 1861 at the first call of the country in the dark hour of rebellion, sacrificing health and limb to the cause, and thereafter advancing to high honors in the regular army. In peace he has been no less distinguished, for, in renewed connection with his regiment, the effects of his labor and ability have been witnessed in his superior discipline and esprit de corps, his reward being promotion to its highest office.

Therefore, Resolved, That, as its elective administrator, in construing the laws of the organization, and in vigorously and justly enforcing them, he has successfully preserved and maintained its record. As its chief executive and disciplinarian, in zealously guarding its honor and looking to its permanent interests, he has advanced its morale in the school of the soldier, and materially added to its strength and prosperity.

And further be it Resolved, That, upon his retirement from the regiment and its councils, the thanks of the organization are eminently due, and are hereby fully tendered, our late Colonel, Harry Rockafellar, for the unfaltering integrity, persistent industry, and tireless energy, fearlessly bestowed, creating the present standard of excellence in our ranks. His devotion to and performance of duty, his kindly nature and courteous bearing, are lasting influences which entitle him to our warmest gratitude.

Resolved, That, in retiring, he carries with him our heartfelt wishes for his health, and we invoke the choicest blessings upon his future.

(Signed, for the Committee,
THOS. L. RAYMOND, Quartermaster.
GEO. A. I. NORMAN, Adjutant.

At a regular meeting of the Board of Officers of the Seventy-first Infantry, N.G.S.N.Y., held at the armory on Wednesday, September 11th, 1872, it was unanimously resolved that our late Colonel, Harry Rockafellar, be elected an honorary member of this Board, with privilege of the floor.

Resolved, That the resolutions previously adopted, and the notice to Colonel Rockafellar of his election as an honorary member

of this Board, be suitably engrossed and presented to him. A true copy from the records.

President, COLONEL RICHARD VCSE.
Secretary, GILBERT A. KNIGHT.

SOTHERN AS "DAVID GARRICK."

WE give a portrait of Mr. Sothern as *David Garrick*. It is a very correct likeness, and shows that admirable actor in one of his best impersonations. The public are already familiar, doubtless, with his *Lord Dundreary* and *Sam*, but it is fair to say that his audiences will be surprised at the emotional power displayed by the great comedian.

THE "MINNESOTA" ON FIRE AT SEA.

OF all situations of danger and distress to which men in their various pursuits can be exposed, there is, we imagine, none more full of horror than that of being aboard a burning ship in mid-ocean. On land, when a fire breaks out, it nearly always happens that, whatever be the peril to life and property, strong hands and willing hearts are near to rescue or preserve. But at sea there is no help from without, and if the means for extinguishing fire be not in complete order, the discipline of the crew not perfect, or the captain and officers not cool and experienced, the doom of the unfortunates on board is sealed, for, if any escape the flames, it is only to perish by the waves. The public, unhappily, has heard of late only of instances in which the elements of safety have been shamefully wanting, and the terrible fate of the human beings on board the *Bienvenue* and the *Missouri* (the details of the late disaster of the *Erie* are as yet unknown) are still vividly in the remembrance of every one.

In bright contrast with the wretched and culpable mismanagement which doomed so many of our fellow-beings in these ships to death in

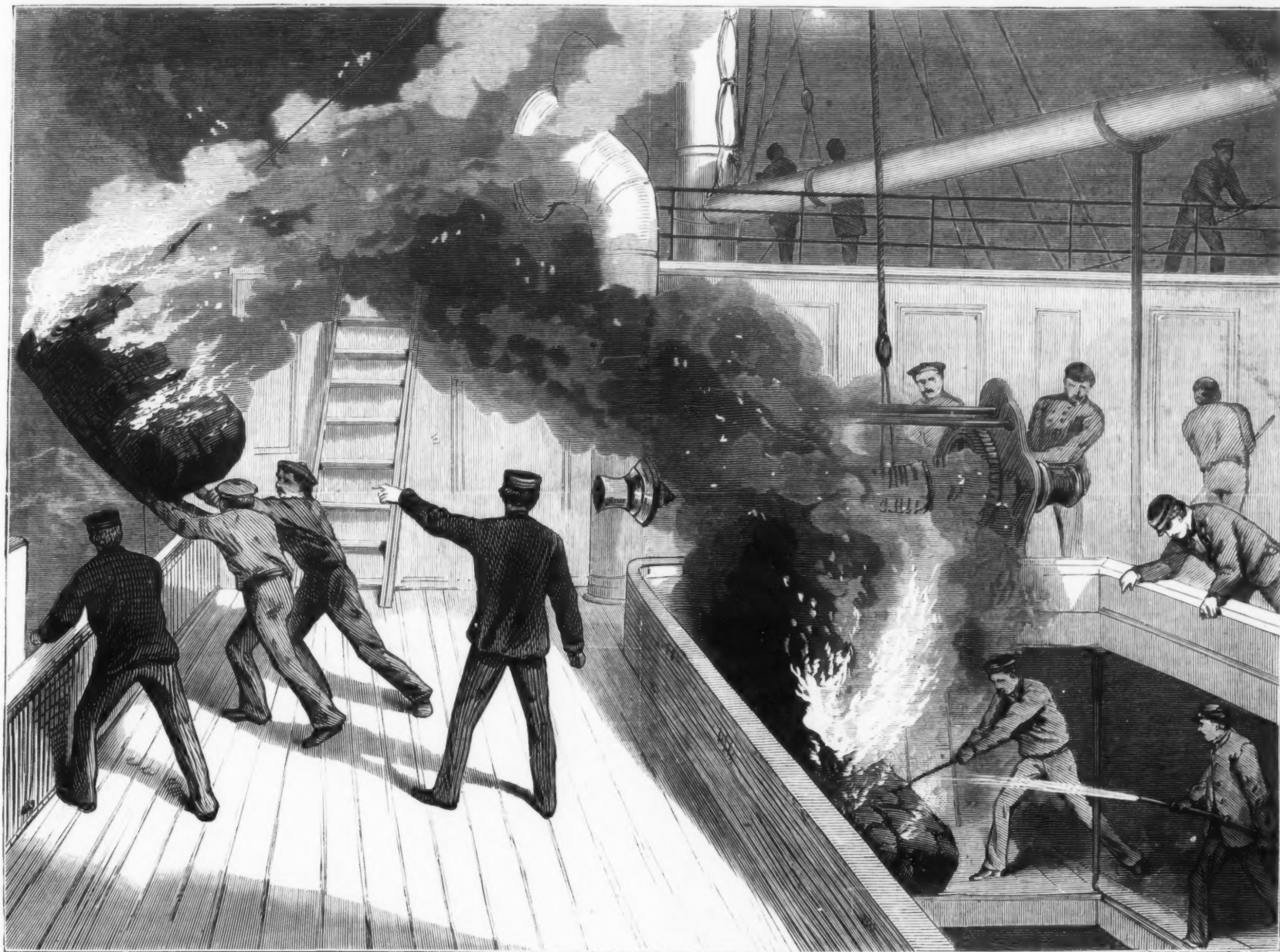
all shapes of unimaginable horror, we have now to relate the story, as we have it from an eye-witness, of the deliverance of the steamship *Minnesota* from destruction by fire last Christmas Day. All that the public up to the present time knows of the occurrence was contained in the few lines of a message by the Atlantic Cable, to the effect that, "The steamship



MR. E. SOTHERN AS "DAVID GARRICK."



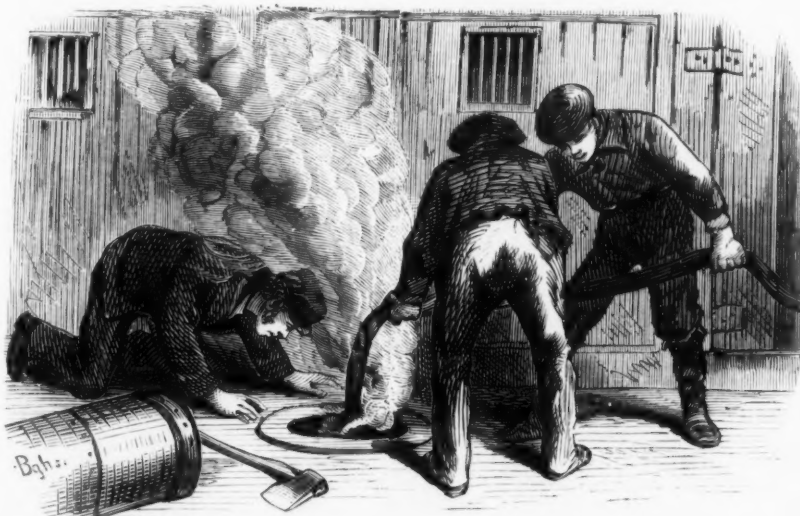
COL. HARRY ROCKAFELLAR, OF THE 71ST REGIMENT.



THE STEAMSHIP "MINNESOTA."—ON FIRE AT SEA—THROWING BURNING BALES OF COTTON OVERBOARD.—FROM SKETCHES BY AN OFFICER.

Minnesota, from New York, the 19th of December, arrived at Queenstown; had been on fire, five days out, and, after throwing overboard 120 bales of cotton, had put out the fire, and proceeded safely on her voyage. "Five days out!" That means in the middle of the Atlantic, a thousand miles from any land there would be any chance of reaching in boats, if, indeed, it were possible for boats to have been lowered, or if lowered, to have lived during the hurricanes that swept the Atlantic last December. We shall let our informant tell his story in his own words, merely premising that the *Minnesota*, Captain Thomas F. Freeman, is one of the fleet of the Guion line of steamers between this port and Liverpool, and sailed hence on the 19th of December last, with only a few cabin and no steerage passengers, and a full general cargo:

"It was Christmas Eve, and our small company of passengers were in the saloon, not very merry, but trying to amuse ourselves in a sober, orderly fashion. There was no temptation to go on deck, for a howling gale was raging, and a very high sea had been running for two days past. A few minutes past eight the first officer put his head in at the door of the saloon, and said he wanted to speak a moment with the captain. Happening to be near, I overheard the whisper, 'The second engineer



THE "MINNESOTA."—INSERTING THE HOSE THROUGH THE VENTILATOR.

has just informed me, sir, that they can smell fire very plainly from the coal-bunkers.' The captain went out, of course, I following, and on the bridge-deck we could see smoke escaping from the ventilators forward of the smoke-stack. Descending to the main deck, where the officers' cabins are, the increasing heat from the hold below was plainly perceptible. The captain ordered a hole to be cut in the deck forward of the doctor's room, and while this was being done, the chief engineer had the donkey engine connected to two hoses. All this was done very quickly, yet without bustle. When the hole was cut through, the red flames below were plainly visible. The water was pumped in, and one of the ventilators being removed at the collar, another stream was directed through the aperture upon the sheet of red flames coming along from aft. Then I heard the order given by the captain, 'Take off some portion of the main hatch; get a whip on fore-boom, lead to steam winch, break out cargo, and put the hose down main hatch.' Some one said in answer: 'If the hatch is opened, the fire will spread faster.' The captain's voice came back like thunder: 'Go on, and do as I tell you, quickly.' Reflecting since upon the matter, I am convinced the captain was right, for, unless the fire could be mastered by streams of water directly applied, there



THE "MINNESOTA."—BREAKING THROUGH THE FLOOR OF THE SECOND OFFICER'S ROOM.



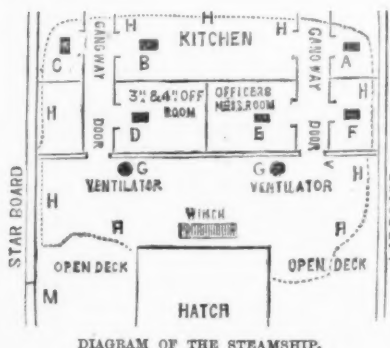
THE "MINNESOTA."—SCENE IN THIRD OFFICER'S ROOM—THE MEN OVERCOME BY SMOKE AND HEAT.

was no possibility of saving the ship and the lives of all on board. I got one peep below when the hatch was removed, and shall never forget the sight, for, right across the ship, a few feet above the main hatch, was one sheet of flame. It was frightful to see one after another of the small number of brave men who ventured into the hold to break out the cargo helped out almost suffocated. Yet still the fight—a fight of the severest kind—for life went on for thirteen hours, and how the heroic men could stand the smoke (the blinding, suffocating smoke of burning cotton is worse than any one can imagine) is beyond my comprehension. Our noble captain was in and around that horrible main hatch during the thirteen hours, and seemed as if made, not of flesh and blood, but a compound of iron and asbestos. The only officer who seemed to be endowed with like endurance was the chief engineer, who, though once attacked with vomiting, was only away a few minutes. To add to our trouble, twice a very heavy sea broke on board, and an immense quantity of water went down the hatch; and, although this helped to put out the fire, it caused subsequently a good deal of labor to all hands to get out of the ship the water that had helped to save our lives. At last some firemen were sent down to hold the hose and help to hook on the bales and cases, and the last fiery bale went overboard at half-past nine on Christmas morning.

"The scene at this time in the saloon was heartrending. There lay stretched, in various places, the first and second officers, second engineer, doctor, carpenter, joiner, boatswain and his mate, chief steward, second steward, and three brave seamen, writhing in agony, all of them blind, bandaged over their eyes, and suffering excruciating pain, not only in their eyes, but in their throats and chests. Our heroic captain suffered less, but his eyes were inflamed, and his voice could only be heard in a whisper.

"Generally speaking, during trying contingencies on shipboard, passengers are a source of trouble to the officers and crew. Of course, any assistance we could render in actual labor on deck would be of little avail; but when one after another of these brave men was brought into the saloon, our energies found their right direction in assisting the saloon and steerage stewardesses in bathing these poor sufferers' bandaged eyes, and giving them all the relief we could.

"When the fire was finally subdued, and a careful examination showed that no treacherous spark was left below, the cargo restored, and the ship put to rights, I ventured to ask the captain if at any time he had despaired of saving our lives. 'Only once,' he replied, 'just after midnight, I felt the Minnesota and all her human occupants would soon see their last hour; and he added, 'in all my life I never felt so full of gratitude to the good Lord of Heaven and Earth, as I did when I came up out of that hold when all the trouble was past.' Need I add, that in this pious sentiment we all shared, and our Christmas Day was passed in a manner befitting those who had thus been mercifully relieved from the utmost peril of their lives."



We have thus given the main points of our informant's letter, and have only one remark to add: that, whereas it has been the custom of both the American and English Governments to reward, by some testimonial, the captains of vessels, in their respective services, who have risked their lives to save the lives of others, that such token of merit should not be withheld from the gallant Captain Freeman on the ground that he in his heroic labors was working to save his own life as well as those of others. Certainly, such testimonial would come most appropriately from our own Government, were it only to mark their sense of the eminent worth of one captain who has done so much and saved his ship, while others in parallel circumstances did so little, and lost theirs.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A PITTSBURG bride's dowry lately consisted of two barges of coal, which her father thinks ought to secure her reception by the ton anywhere.

"Didn't you guarantee, sir, that the horse wouldn't shy before the fire of an enemy?" "No more he won't. 'Tisn't till after the fire that he shies."

"Every peach-bud in the West is killed deadlier than a smelt."—*Agricultural Paper*. "Not one peach-bud in ten thousand is injured in the least by the late frost."—*Another Agricultural Paper*.

A SHARP old gentleman traveling out West got a seat beside his wife in a crowded car, by requesting the young man who sat by her to "please watch that woman while he went into another car, as she had fits."

It is related of a judicious theater-goer that when, upon one occasion, a disturbance occurred in the gallery, and an obnoxious man was about to be thrown over the railing, he cried out: "Don't waste him; kill a fiddler with him!"

A FEMALE shop-lifter, who was caught in the act of secreting some valuable lace in a New York drygoods store the other day, stated that she was "unconscious of what she had done—that she had taken it in a fit of abstraction."

"And so you have taken the teetotal pledge, have you?" said one Irishman to another. "Indeed I have, and am not ashamed of it either." "And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach?" "So he did, but then my name is not Timothy, and there's nothing the matter with my stomach, bedad!"

A WAG went to the station of one of the railroads one evening, and finding the best car full, said, in a low tone: "Why, this car isn't going." Of course, this caused a general stampede, and the wag took the best seat. In the midst of the indignation he was asked: "Why did you say this car wasn't going?" "Well, it wasn't then," replied the wag, "but it is now."

NEW INVENTIONS.—A new Kerosene Lamp, invented by David Lubin, of 104 Chambers Street, New York, called the Guardian Safety Lamp, is an important discovery. It is so constructed as to be absolutely safe under any circumstances. It is believed that the lamp may be thrown violently to the ground or turned completely over in the hand while burning kerosene and the flame is instantly extinguished. Mr. Lubin has had his invention patented.

A MOST USEFUL ARTICLE in every household is a sewing machine. The Wilson Underfeed Sewing Machine combines in every degree the most perfect machine yet invented. It is elegant in finish, simple to learn, runs smoothly and quietly, and what is more important, is the cheapest. The Wilson Machine has received the highest praise from all who have used it, and stands at the head of all sewing machines. Salesroom at 737 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.

Only 10 Cents.—Every Man His Own Painter: Or, Paints—How to Select and Use Them. A plain treatise containing sample card with 42 different actually painted shades and tints, with instructions for exterior and interior house decoration. Twenty-five copies, bound in cloth, for \$5. Sample copies, paper cover, mailed, postpaid, to any address on receipt of 10 cents by the publisher, HENRY CAREY BAIRD, Box 1624, Post Office, Philadelphia.

"In selling a sample copy for 10 cents, Mr. Baird must feel certain an order for 25 bound in cloth will follow."—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*.

THE new Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., is one of the largest hotels in the country.

Coughs, Hoarseness, and all Diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Speedy and certain cure. HEGEMAN'S TOLU and LIVERWORT EXPECTORANT. Sold by Druggists, only 50c. per bottle. 909-910

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SOME MOTHERS THINK SILVER-TIPPED SHOES unbecoming. Let them look in the glass some day when they call themselves well fixed up.

LOST—The name of the person who did not like **CABLE SCREW WIRE** Boots and Shoes. Any one finding such a person will be liberally rewarded by buying a pair and trying them.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

UNDER the MANAGEMENT of MRS. SHERIDAN SHOOK, for the benefit of

St. Barnabas Home,

An afternoon performance will be given at the Union Square Theatre, on the 24th of February, consisting of

"MARRIED LIFE" AND

"ROUGH DIAMONDS,"

By an Amateur Company of well-known ladies and gentlemen.

Tickets can be obtained, after the 19th, of the following persons:

MRS. SHERIDAN SHOOK, Malson Dorée.
MRS. SAMUEL G. COUTNEY, 211 West 34th St.
MRS. BENJAMIN K. PHELPS, 101 West 47th St.
MRS. GENERAL GRAHAM, 474 West 21st St.
MRS. J. J. LAWRENCE, 115 West 43d St.
DR. J. MARION SIMS, 267 Madison Ave.
DR. J. DOWLING, 58 West 25th St.
DR. RUPPNER, Fifth Avenue Hotel.
GENERAL PATRICK H. JONES, Gen. Post Office.
GENERAL CHARLES K. GRAHAM.
MR. FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl St.
MR. DANIEL G. ROLLINGS, Junr., 31 Chambers St.
MR. JAMES WELSH, 118-120 Church St.
MR. THOMAS KIRKPATRICK, 19th St. and B'way.
MR. FRANK R. SHERWIN, 18 Broadway.
MR. SHERIDAN SHOOK, Union Square Theatre.

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A NEW STORY, **"THE SPLIT IN THE SCHOOL,"** BEGINS IN No. 392.

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Velvets and Tapestries, Three-Ply and Ingrains, English and American Oil Cloths, And a full stock of

Druggets, Rugs, Mats, etc., etc., ALL AT

LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

A GREAT OFFER FOR FEBRUARY!!

Horace Waters & Son, 181 B'way, N. Y., will dispose of 100 PIANOS, MELODEONS and ORGANS of first-class makers, including Waters's, at extremely low prices for cash during THIS MONTH. New 7 octave PIANOS, modern improvements, for \$250 and \$275, cash. THE WATERS CONCERTO PARLOR ORGANS are the most beautiful in style and perfect in tone ever made. Prices at bargains, for cash. Monthly installments received, running from one to three years. New and second-hand instruments to let, and rent applied, if purchased. Illustrated Catalogues mailed.

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"DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND," (Illustrated).

"MID PLEASURES," (In four chapters).

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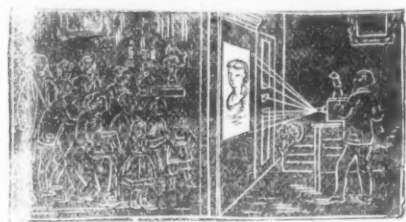
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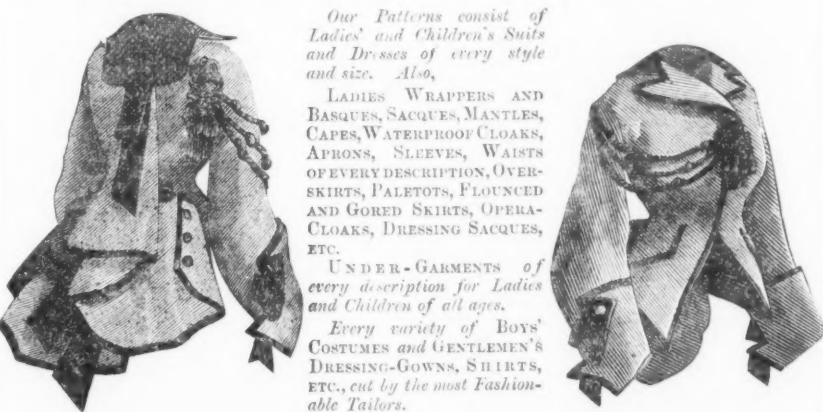
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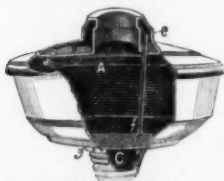
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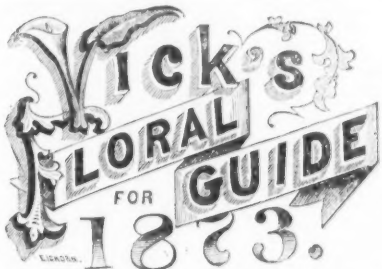
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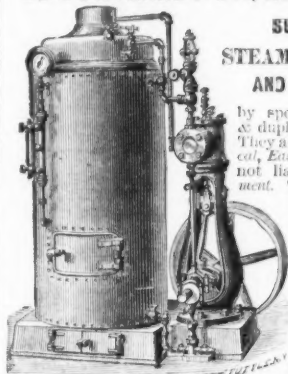
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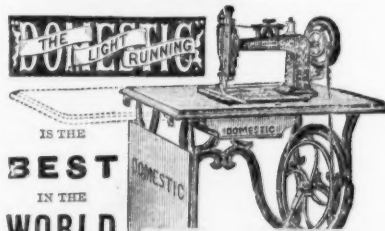


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